THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1821, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 20.

LONG AFTER.

BY KENNELL RODD.

I see your white arms gliding
In music o'er the keys,
Long, drooping lashes hiding
A blue like summer seas;
The sweet lips wide asunder,
That tremble as you sing;
I could not choose but wonder,
You seemed so fair a thing.

For all these long years after
The dream has never died,
I still can hear your laughter,
Still see you at my side;
One lily hiding under
The waves of golden hair;
I could not choose but wonder
You were so strangely fair.

I kept the flowers you braided
Among those waves of gold;
The leaves are sere and faded,
And, like our love, grown old;
Our lives have lain asunder,
The years are long, and yet
I could not choose but wonder,
I cannot quite forget.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

BUT I did think you might have some lingering sparks of common-sense left, even after a week in Ninon's society. However, my dear children, you have arranged it between you, and, as I have repeatedly assured you, I wash my hands of it altogether."

"Are you afraid, Dick?" said Ninon lightly, striking a tragedy attitude in her pretty white gown. "It is not too late to recede. 'Speak, or for ever after hold your peace.'"

"It is too late," declared Dick, with an unsuccessful imitation of the girl's gaiety. "But, at any rate, I have no one to blame but myself. I am walking to my fate with my eyes wide open."

"Ah! As if you expect Ninon to let you off any the easier for that little appeal to her mercy!" declared Lady Ingram, smiling. "However, I dislike discussion before dinner. Come, Ninon child—come and fortify yourself for an act or two of "Der Freischutz." I positively decline to go before nine o'clock."

They dined and drank coffee in the court, and played with Monsieur Pomponnet, as usual, before it was time to go to the Opera.

The cousins had fallen into their old whispering talk; the reconciliation was complete.

Ninon had put on one of the simplest of her new white gowns, and was carrying Dick's great nosegay of lilies-of-the-valley. Even Lady Ingram was struck afresh by the girl's extreme beauty.

"That poor weak tool of a Dick!" she thought lazily.

"Ninon may look just as high as she chooses.

"He had better go and hang himself than come with us to Dinard."

It happened that Lady Ingram's box had been sent her by one of her many Bohemian friends—her ladyship possessed in its fullest extent the passion which Dickens declared to be universal in the human breast, the passion, namely, for obtaining free admission to a theatre—and had been obtained by him from its proprietor, the librarian of the Opera.

Ninon was extremely amused to find that it was one of those boxes upon the stage which, when the curtain is down, command a full view of the fascinating region of "behind the scenes."

As they entered, the stage was being set for the next act of "Der Freischutz."

Even Lady Ingram in her listless fashion was interested in the process, which was supervised by two tall and solemn hussars in court-dress, with heavy steel chains about their neck.

The most perfect order prevailed as the hundred carpenters did their work of preparation for the incantation scene, was presently hidden from Ninon's curious gaze by the "flats" which represented Agatha's cottage.

The fair Agatha herself, looking rather warm in her velvet bodice and peasant skirts, came from the dressing-room, trying her voice and shaking hands smilingly with the one or two subscribers who had found their way behind the curtain.

"Oh, what fun!" said Ninon eagerly to her cousin.

"Look how they are all laughing and chatting!

"I have often and often thought I should like to be a singer or an actress."

"Ninon!"

"Why not? Just think of having that splendid old officer there—what is he?—in the cocked-hat and all those decorations, to hold your hand-glass while you powder your nose, as he is doing for Mademoiselle—what is her name?"

Mademoiselle Agatha at that moment hastened to take her seat at the rustic table in her cottage, and to put on a suitably pensive air, leaving her cocked-hatted adorer to hasten off the stage with her powder-puff in obedience to the hussars' grave injunction, "Sit down, gentlemen!" which announced the rising of the curtain.

And the opera proceeded.

The tenor grew very warm indeed as he poured forth his love in the duet.

Agatha was pathetic, Agnes duly coquettish, though it was evident the artists considered their second-best airs and graces good enough for a sultry night in August, when the house was filled with foreigners and hardly a well-known face was to be seen.

The Queen of Spain's box was occupied by a party of Americans.

"That is Madame du Mottay's box opposite," explained Lady Ingram to Ninon.

"Madame du Mottay?" Ninon repeated, reluctantly turning her attention from the stage.

"Do I know Madame du Mottay?"

"Florie du Mottay was a Beaufoy, my dear child.

"Don't you know that she has the cottage next to ours in the park at Dinard, and that her brothers Brian and Quentin are to be with her?"

"I did not know," said Ninon, a little surprised.

"Are they nice? You have never spoken of them before. Oh, but they are changing the scene!

"Oh, how horrible it does look! Oh, Dick—all those dreadful skulls!"

But presently what had looked weird and appalling became sufficiently ludicrous.

Ninon declared that she was sorry now she had ever been behind the scenes.

She would never be able to believe in anything any more.

How the prompter could sit there in his box calmly fanning himself when he knew what a sham it all was!

If the people in front knew what went to make up that ghostly grotto, with its hovering demons and loathsome shapes—that there was a man in a kind of barrel feeding and taking care of Caspar's fire while he made his bullets—that the hideous shrouded forms that crawled round the base of the rock were only children in long drab gowns shuffling and wriggling flat on their little stomachs across the great stage!

Ninon saw one of them carefully pulling his gray grave-clothe over his fat little legs, which had become visible among their folds.

Then to think that the Will-o'-the-wisps were only lights held at the end of long sticks and waved about by men in the wings and to see the carpenters, when all was over, gather the skulls up in a basket and pack them carefully away!

"It is very disenchanting!" sighed Ninon. "I don't think I want to be an actress any more."

"Wait until you have been behind the scenes of society, child, before you decide," suggested Lady Ingram.

"You will find shams there in plenty; but you will go on playing your part just the same.

"It is the merest matter of habit. And then one changes the audience from time to time, or else I suppose it would be insupportable."

"Katherine! To think of comparing Dinard and Les Buissons and the beautiful blue sea of Brittany to this place, with its wooden rocks, and a man turning on the waterfalls, and everything false!"

"Oh, the rocks and waterfalls at Dinard will be real enough, no doubt! I should be sorry to say as much for the men and women that are going to act among them during the summer season."

"I won't listen to you," declared Ninon, springing up.

"Dick and I are going to walk in the lobby. It is so hot up here."

Together the young people stood and looked at the great staircase, and walked among the golden splendor and cool half-lights of the gorgeous crush-room.

"Who are the Du Mottays, Dick?" Ninon asked him.

"And have you ever heard of Brian Beaufoy and his brother Quentin? Do you think they are cousins of ours too?"

"Very likely," said Dick curtly.

At the very notion he began to feel beforehand those pangs of jealousy and hopeless anger which Lady Ingram had predicted.

Besides, his old torture was commencing as Miss Masserene in her white gown walked at his side, attracting every masculine eye she came across.

"I am prepared to give you up to them, when we get to Dinard. But at least this evening is mine, and the few more before we go away."

"Dick!"

The girl turned and looked at him with sweet reproachful eyes.

"I won't be given up! Why do you talk like that always?

"Do you think I am so mean? No matter how many cousins I may have, do you think any of them will be quite the same to me as you must always be? You were the first.

"We have been so happy together. They may be cousins, those Beaufoys; but you will be more to me; you will be always like my brother!"

"Yes, you will let me be that at least!" said the young man, with a sigh.

"At least!" cried Ninon superbly.

"Really, Dick, you are very hard to be pleased!

"What more do you want, sir, I should like to know?"

"You know well enough," said poor Dick with a shake of the head.

But Ninon declared innocently that she had not an idea, and added that it was time to go back to Lady Ingram, whom they found sleeping tranquilly in the box.

In a few days more it was announced to Dick that Miss Masserene was now in a position to commence her campaign at Dinard, and they began to retrace their way by easy stages to Brittany.

Les Buissons, the cottage which Lady Ingram had secured for the season, stood in a pleasant little park commanding a view of the sea.

Carriages and horses had been duly sent on.

The house was charmingly furnished, and looked most picturesque in the middle of its brilliant gardens, with its striped awnings and the gaily trimmed basket-chairs on the verandah, and its open windows giving glimpses of the artistic coloring within.

And only just across the road was another only a still more elaborate villa, which was to be occupied by Madame du Mottay and her brothers.

But here a disappointment awaited Lady Ingram.

She found a letter awaiting her, which explained that Mr. Beaufoy's state of health was so unusually alarming that his niece and nephews had been summoned to Spa, where there was every prospect of their remaining for some time to come.

"Decidedly," said Lady Ingram, with some irritation, as she flung down the letter on the evening of their arrival, "it is written that Ninon is not to meet Florie! Really, Mr. Beaufoy is too inconsiderate!"

"What is the mystery about Madame du Mottay, Katherine?" asked Ninon, who was picking sprays of jasmine from the open window of the charming little saloon, and talking to Dick as he sat on the sill, making his evening cigarette. "I mean, why do you always seem so anxious that I should meet her?"

"Is it not natural that I should wish to make you known to the members of your mother's family," demanded Lady Ingram calmly—"especially when they are rich and influential?

"Florie could be of use to me as well as to you, child, in many ways. I never set up for being particularly disinterested, as you are aware.

"And I admit that I was trusting to your charms to unite us all a little more closely in the future."

"My poor charms!" cried Ninon Masserene gravely.

"I am afraid you are expecting altogether too much from them, Katherine! What a perfect evening!

"Just look at the moon rising over the sea.

"If you please, Lady Ingram"—meekly folding her hands—"may Dick and I walk to the end of the park there, and see the view?"

"If Dick understands that with to-night his reign is over," assented Lady Ingram. "Go my children and take a pathetic farewell of each other by moonlight. To the right you will see the casino and its lights, which will remind Ninon that she belongs henceforth to the world. To the left stretches the sea, which will suggest innumerable sad and pretty thoughts to Richard I am sure.

"Be off with you both! And don't stop out late.

"Ninon must be in special beauty for to-morrow!"

Ninon wrapped a white-lace scarf about her head, and went out into the garden to join Dick.

Mignonnette and heliotrope and jasmine were giving out their strong sweet odors to the night, stars were peeping through the trees overhead, the low murmurs of the advancing tide reached them from below as they silently walked side by side to the low wall that overlooked the sea and the beach and the houses at the opposite side of the bay, with their twinkling lights and dreaming moonlit gardens.

"There is the casino, as Katherine remarked," said Ninon, breaking the silence at last with a bitter little laugh. "You look at it too, Dick. It is the market place where to-morrow, or as soon as may be, I am to be offered for sale to the highest bidder."

Dick looked at her startled.

What was he to understand by her little speech?

Hitherto she had seemed only too eager to begin her new career as a beauty, and to plunge headlong into the sea of amusement and excitement that spread itself before her dazzled eyes.

"Why do you say such things, dear?" he asked gently.

"Because they are true," she answered, with another reckless little laugh. "Do you suppose, Dick, that I am very proud of myself or of my present position? I have walked into it with my eyes open, of course. I am not in the least anxious to draw back from it.

"I am quite as eager as Katherine herself is for me to make a great marriage some day. But I have enough self-respect left to be ashamed of myself."

"Ninon!"

"Oh, you need not pity me, Dick! You know that I cannot bear to be pitied. Only sometimes I feel as if must speak out, or I should stifle—suffocate."

"Ninon!"

Dick said again tenderly.

"Oh, my dear, I wish I were better able to advise you! I wish I had the right to ask you to pause and think. Lady Ingram—she is very kind; but she has lived so long in and for the world that she does not look at life with the same eyes as yours and mine.

"Oh, Ninon, I am so powerless! I dare not even open my arms to you and say that there is a man would give his life for you, that—— You would only laugh at me. I know that well enough. I am too poor to raise my eyes to you, child."

"I am poor too," said Ninon gently; and she was not laughing.

Her eyes indeed were wet with tears.

She was looking down and tearing to pieces a spray of the jasmine in her white belt.

"We are both so poor that it would be well if I could laugh at you, dear old Dick; but you see I cannot."

"Ninon!"

"Oh, you know well enough that we must never talk like this any more—that it is quite—quite impossible!"

"Only because we are poor?"—hurriedly. "Ninon, if it were not for that, would you ——"

"Is this fair?" asked the girl reproachfully.

"And how can I tell? I do not know. I am very, very unhappy, Dick. And you will not make me unhappier still? No. You will give me your hand and say good-bye to me here, and to the pleasant days we have had together. To-morrow I shall not be your cousin Ninon any more—only Miss Masserene. But I shall remember you always. And—and you will not despise me because I am not strong enough to do what I ought, instead of what I like best! Dick, promise me that you will not despise me."

The beautiful pale face was lifted earnestly to his; her two little hands were on his arm.

The young man stooped and gently touched her hair with his lips.

"Heaven bless you, child!" he said. "I know, of course, that it must be so. But I was mad, I suppose.

"And to-morrow I will go. I should never have come here."

"You will go?" cried Ninon, still looking up into his haggard young face. "You will leave me here all by myself without my good genius! Oh, Dick!"

"You would like me to stay?" he asked wretchedly.

"You know that I will do whatever you tell me, my dear; but——"

"We are cousins," pleaded Ninon, in her sweet dangerous voice—"brother and sister almost.

"Why should not you stay? Do you think I can let you go when you are so miserable? I cannot bear to see any one suffer.

"Dick, be reasonable. Forget all this: but do not go."

And so they walked back to the house together.

The break of the sea came up from below.

The air was sweet with the jasmine in Ninon's belt.

Her little hand was warm within his big arm.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sensation created by Miss Masserene's beauty was even greater than Lady Ingram had anticipated.

Lady Nugent's pretty daughters, who had until then reigned supreme over the little Dinard world, shrank into utter insignificance from the day of Ninon's arrival; and Sir Robert Davenant was considered to have behaved rather badly to the second Miss Nugent in transferring his attentions so completely to Lady Ingram's cousin.

Sir Robert had brought his yacht to Dinard.

Dick understood, from a word or two between the little Baronet and Lady Ingram, that the object of their mysterious visit to Cherbourg had been, plainly enough, a desire to lose no time in presenting him to Ninon.

And, now that they had met at last, Sir Robert's subjugation was as complete as it was rapid.

Ninon laughed at him a good deal; but when she laughed she showed a sudden dimple, and looked prettier than ever.

And Lady Ingram had made her aware of how well worth while it was to look pretty in Sir Robert Davenant's eyes.

Still the girl's superb little airs of security and carelessness became her very well, and there was no hurry.

It was only natural that she should desire to have her fling.

It seemed to Dick that she had forgotten what had passed between them in the moonlight as completely as though no such words had ever been spoken.

Except at breakfast, they hardly ever met alone now; Lady Ingram took good care of that; and Miss Masserene's engagements were, besides, innumerable.

There were garden-parties, lawn-tennis tournaments, yachting, boating, bathing.

There were the afternoon dances or concerts at the Casino, the comedies and balls in the evening.

And at each and all of these galeties the beautiful Miss Masserene, in her apparently endless variety of white Worth dresses, was the observed of all observers.

Naturally Miss Mabel Nugent being extremely "hard up," Ninon's profusion of pretty things was certainly a very little trying.

And in Sir Robert Davenant's enamored eyes there could not be a more charming sight than Miss Masserene in her white yachting costume, the sleeve of her white jersey and the band of her white sailor-hat embroidered in silver with the name of the "Daphne."

The little fellow raved about the young lady's beauty, about her dazzling white complexion that no wind or sun could change, her wonderful black-lashed blue eyes, her masses of rippling black hair, like the hair of some Greek goddess, her slimness, her vivacity, her untiring enjoyment of life.

It had never occured to him until then that he must one day, he supposed, marry.

His mother was always speaking to him on the subject, it was true; but he had put her off with all manner of promises for the future.

And at that time he had not seen Miss Masserene.

Where was there a woman to be compared with her, so handsome and so spirited and so witty?

A fellow never got tired of being with her as he did with other girls, who were so awfully sweet and that sort of thing, and who had hardly a word to say for themselves.

Miss Masserene was always showing herself in some new light.

She was always finding out new ways of doing things, if it was only how to torment a fellow who so much as looked at her.

Though, for that matter, how could they help looking at her?

What a beauty she was!

How thoroughbred, how well finished at all points!

A bit of a flirt no doubt; but all girls flirted before marriage, and he would be so awfully spoony on his wife that, hang it, she would not have the heart to flirt afterwards.

No, he would not let her go.

She was the very first woman who had ever made him think of taking the fatal plunge.

Some day or other, of course, the plunge must be taken, and why not now? He did not want money—though, for that matter, Miss Masserene was lovely enough to look as high as she pleased—he wanted a wife that a man could be proud of and fond of; and, if ever there was a girl in the world fit to make such a wife, her name was Ninon Masserene.

Very likely, as Lady Nugent had not failed to inform him, her father, Gerald Masserene, had been a scamp.

But her mother was a Beaufoy; and, besides, what did it all matter?

He flattered himself he could afford to marry any one he pleased; and he would like to see the woman that dared turn up her confounded nose at Lady Robert Davenant!

The man made Lady Ingram the confidant of all his agonies, his secret doubts and longings.

Could it be possible that Miss Masserene cared for him a little?

Sir Robert was romantic enough, after having knocked about for ten years and more, to wish to be loved by Ninon for himself, and not for his name and his estate and fortune.

And it had never crossed his mind before that any woman to whom he might offer his hand might by any possibility refuse him.

"If it were Mabel Nugent now, or any of that lot"—thus did Sir Robert characterize the marriageable maidens in the Dinard market—"I should know fast enough what their answer would be. But with Miss Masserene it is different. What do you think, Lady Ingram?"

Lady Ingram artfully fanned the flame, and put the ardent suitor off from day to day.

"There's that cousin—that young Strong" suggested Sir Robert jealously. "The women all tell me that Miss Masserene is sweet on him. But——"

"On Dick?"

Lady Ingram laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"What will people say next? My dear Sir Robert, Richard Strong is engaged to a certain very pretty Miss Hawthorn, who has a snug little fortune of her own. Ninon and Dick are like brother and sister. He is here now simply because his mother and Miss Hawthorn are on a visit to one of the young lady's relatives."

"Then you think that Miss Masserene ——"

"I cannot answer for Ninon, of course, Sir Robert, except as far as poor old Dick is concerned.

"I am sure you would not expect me or wish me to do so."

And Sir Robert, blushing and stammering in a way that did him infinite credit, declared that he did not.

Lady Ingram was perfectly contented with the situation.

Poor old Dick was likely to be of a little use after all, if he had it in him to rouse Bobby Davenant to jealousy.

They were rehearsing some private theatricals at that time, in which Ninon was to play a charming Marquise in powder and patches a white brocaded train—sent down of course from the Rue de la Paix.

The girl was so charming, so animated, so sparkling during the many hours in which this business brought her into contact with Sir Robert that it put the finishing touch to his subjugation.

"I will propose to her to-morrow at the ball," he decided nervously on the night of the little performance, which was a complete success, and in which Ninon in particular covered herself with glory.

She had been led before the curtain of the little extemporised theatre by Sir Robert, and literally pelted with flowers by her adorers among the audience.

She had danced all the evening afterwards in her brocaded train and her powder and patches.

Sir Robert's infatuation was more apparent than ever.

Bets were made at the club as to when the proposal would take place.

Dick, looking on with a heavy heart, felt that the end could not be far off.

Even Lady Ingram looked anxious.

Only Ninon was as gay, as sociable, as careless as ever.

She shrugged her shoulders perversely when Katherine came into her room after the theatricals and asked her whether she had made up her mind what to say to Sir Robert.

"I have a great deal to say to him to-morrow," she declared laughing as she unpinned her hair and the superb blue-black masses came tumbling about her milk-white shoulders.

"He cut me out of my best point: he did not give me a single cue——"

"He will give you a very important one to-morrow, or I am greatly mistaken," said Lady Ingram?"

"Is the comedy to end, as comedy should, with a happy marriage?"

"Oh, who knows?" cried Ninon, clasping her arms above her head, and yawning frankly so as to show all her white teeth. 'Sufficient to the day'—Katherine, I am so tired: and there is Mrs. Gifford's lawn-party to-morrow, and the ball at the Casino in the evening. Do you mind my turning you out?"

"I am gone," said Lady Ingram, shrugging her shoulders.

"But I am not quite sure of you yet, you know. Let me have no nonsense about Dick, or I shall send him packing to-morrow."

"About Dick! Poor dear old Dick!"

Ninon burst into a brilliant peal of laughter.

"Katherine, when will you learn to believe what a sensible pair of cousins Dick and I are?"

It was the race-ball which was to take place on the following evening.

Miss Masserene had kept back her prettiest gown for the occasion—Dinard being now crowded and the season at its very height—a gown that seemed woven of glimmering pearls and was ornamented only with natural white roses.

Even Lady Ingram and Dick were struck afresh by the splendor of the girl's beauty as she came into the drawing-room, pulling on her long white gloves, and gaily challenged criticism on her toilette.

"Do you think Sir Robert is a doomed man?" she said, laughing.

"Katherine, how does one refuse a proposal?"

"Report says that Miss Masserene has had some opportunities for practicing the art," said poor Dick, trying to smile.

Ninon shrugged her shoulders.

"Sir Robert is a big fish," she said. "The small fry submit with hardly a wriggle. I think I shall tell him that I might have been His—with a capital 'H'—if he had given me my once last night, but that now all is Over—with a capital 'O.'"

"The first five or six dances must be over, I should say," said Lady Ingram; "and the carriage is waiting. Where are your wraps? Come along."

"One must give poor Mabel Nugent a chance now and then," said Ninon superbly. "Dick, if you are a good boy, I will dance the 'Lancers' with you—there!"

The girl made a triumphant entry into the crowded ball-room, people giving way right and left before her in the desire to look at her and at her wonderful shimmering gown.

Sir Robert came forward eagerly to meet her.

He had not danced once, he assured her. He began to be afraid they were not coming at all.

He begged for the first waltz she had to give away.

Lady Nugent and her set looked on with scornful eyes.

It was humiliating, they told each other, to see a girl thrown at a man's head in so open a fashion.

Perhaps Ninon read something of this in their faces and gestures, for she smilingly assured Sir Robert that her first waltz was promised to her cousin Mr. Strong.

"Ninon, don't be foolish," murmured Lady Ingram, while poor Dick colored, wonderingly what this new caprice might mean.

It had never fallen to his lot hitherto to be so singled out for the beauty's favor.

He had considered himself lucky in being promised a chance of dancing the "Lancers" with her at that, the best ball of the season.

"I have promised Dick three waltzes," said the girl, with a quiet smile. "Sir Robert can have the next, if he likes. Come along, Dick. I can't bear to lose a note of this delightful one."

Dick could but obey, and whirled the capricious beauty away in his arms, leaving Sir Robert to look very forlorn and jealous indeed.

"What does this mean?" asked Dick, with his lips close to Ninon's little ear. "Are you going to tell me that you mean to accept Sir Robert Davenant to-night, and is this meant to soften the blow?"

"Don't you like to waltz with me?" she answered, in the softest, sweetest voice in the world.

"You know whether I do or not." His arm tightened insensibly about the slender supple waist.

"If you please, sir, no raptures!" she cried suddenly pausing, and taking her hand from his shoulder. "And you are to ask no questions; only, if you do not care for the waltzes, I can easily give them to some one else."

"You have promised," urged Dick hurriedly. "I will give them up to no man. They may be the last—oh, Ninon the very last!"

She answered only with a smile.

But she knew that Sir Robert was watching them closely from the other side of the room.

The second of Dick's waltzes she chose to sit out with him.

People began to wonder a little.

Lady Ingram offered a remonstrance, but was met with a perverse smile and a reproduction of one of her own shrugs of the shoulders.

"Katherine," she said, "do let me alone. Let me dance, flirt, and be merry, for to-morrow perhaps I accept Sir Robert Davenant."

"Ninon!" cried Dick involuntarily, as Lady Ingram turned away vexedly from the sheltered corner where they sat.

"I said 'perhaps,'" the girl answered lightly.

"Sir Robert has not yet given me an opportunity of deciding."

"As if you did not know as well as I that it is you who will not give him one!"

"It is good for him to be kept waiting!"—superbly.

"So then," faltered poor Dick, "you mean to——"

She put her two pretty gloved hands to her ears.

"I mean to be perfectly happy for one night," she said, "to dance with my cousin Dick, and to be glad that he thinks me pretty and likes to dance with me. Is there any great harm in that?"

But the time came at last when she could no longer avoid Sir Robert.

And it was evident from the little man's unwonted pallor and disturbed air that the moment had arrived for him to put his fate to the touch.

With a loudly-beating heart Dick saw them glide into the throng of dancers.

Sooner or later he knew this hour must strike for him; but it was horrible.

He had not known that one could bear such an agony and not cry out.

It seemed to him that in all his life he could never suffer such a pain as that again.

"It looks awfully nice and cool on the balcony, doesn't it?" Sir Robert was saying to Miss Masserene as they paused for a few moments.

"Would you like to come out there? Are you afraid of taking cold? It is empty now, and between the dances it is always so crowded."

Ninon declared carelessly that she never caught cold, and as carelessly took the little Baronet's arm, and allowed him to lead her through the open windows.

The tide was going out.

Some children were at play, late as it was on the sands below them.

Their voices rang out oddly in the occasional lull in the music within.

From the houses on the cliffs at each side of the bay lights were shining redly.

A faint white glimmer of moonlight lay in a long unbroken track across the motionless sea.

"How plainly one can see Les Buissons!" began Sir Robert a little nervously. "That is your window, Miss Masserene, the one overgrown with jasmine.

"I have often watched it from the deck of the Daphne."

Ninon only smiled.

She was resolved not to say a word which should help her hapless little suitor out of his difficulty.

And then, stammering and pale and very much in earnest, the young Baronet began his little story.

The children on the sands were laughing and joining hands and dancing in time to the music of the band as it rose and fell through the open windows of the ball-room.

"I know I'm not clever and all that sort of thing," pleaded Sir Robert; "but I would make you a good husband. And I'll settle down, don't you know, and be as steady as you could wish.

"And I think my place in Leamshire is rather pretty"—it was one of the show-places of the county—"and my mother would be so proud, and I should be so happy, that—— Miss Masserene, may I say 'Ninon'? I'm not a fellow of many words; but if you knew——"

Suddenly he saw the beautiful careless face before him change.

The hand he had ventured to take was drawn away, and Miss Masserene, leaning over the balcony, appeared to be listening to the song of the dancing children below.

"What is it?"

Sir Robert asked blankly.

But she did not answer.

She was listening still.

It was one of the rounds French children often sing at their play.

He could make nothing out of it.

The band had stopped; people were crowding on the balcony.

"Sir Robert," said Ninon hurriedly, "I—I feel a little chilly; would you mind bringing me a shawl? You will find me here."

"Must I go without a word?" he asked, lingering.

She made an impatient gesture.

"I beg your pardon," she answered, with a forced laugh; "but I have not heard one word you were saying. I—I was thinking of something else."

The children were repeating the refrain of the round.

She shivered; and, without another word, the young man went in search of her shawl.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Three Wiser Women.

BY ARION.

OH, you ought to see the new gentlemon!" exclaimed Nellie boarding-house parlor, where the three eligible ladies of the hotel were lounging.

"Such magnificent jewels!

"Just think, he wears a diamond pin as large as a frying-pan, and a ring to match, and he isn't married, and he must be as rich as Cresus, for he's taken the rosewood rooms all to himself.

"He is looking for a wife, too; I heard him tell Mrs. Crumpet so myself!

"Isn't it splendid?"

And Nellie clapped her hands and waltzed around the room.

A rich bachelor looking for a wife!

The ladies, as if electrified, s tarted from their apathy, and eagerly besieged Nellie, who had been favored with a look at him, with all sorts of questions concerning him.

"What is he like?" asked Miss Bell who doted on tall men.

"Is he tall or short?"

"Well," said Nell, hesitating, "he isn't very tall; in fact, he is rather short, and pretty stout, too."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Bell, in impatience and disgust; "but he must have lots of money, though," she added, "so one can overlook defects. Is he handsome in the face, Nell?"

"Not very," said Nell again.

"You see, his face is pretty red, and his hair, too."

"Ah! weather-beaten from exposure," concluded Mrs. Lee, an interesting widow, on a sharp look-out for number two!

"Such a delightful, adventurous life!

"And then these gold miners are so chivalrous, and such worshippers of our sex; and so liberal, too—their gifts are often princely."

Here Mrs. Lee glanced complacently at her pretty fingers as if in her mind's eye she saw the new gentleman's big ring flashing there.

That evening brought our new guest, whom (not knowing his true name) we had christened "Jewels"—a name that stuck to him to the end of the chapter.

After dinner he held a kind of court in the parlor, at which all the lady-boarders of Mrs. Crumpet's establishment were presented.

And never, on any one occasion, had they so vied with each other in splendor of costume.

"Just think," averred candid but worldly-minded Nell, "if it wasn't for the man's jewels, quite likely we should never speak to him, for goodness knows there is nothing in his looks to recommend him."

The others, less candid, would not agree with her.

His jewels and elaborate dress rather enhanced than hid a ruffianly look he had, which they all called his charming, piratical air; and he was sweetly and playfully compared to Captain Kidd, Byron's Corsair, and scores of other darlings of romance.

He at once became the lion of the house—yes, indeed, in more ways than one; for like the roaring lion, he went about seeking whom he might devour, but was sensible enough not to roar to scare away his prey.

He was consulted on all matters of business by the gentlemen, who would sit absorbed listeners to his accounts of mining, and descriptions of the countries he had traveled through.

But no one seemed to notice the fact that he never knew anything about the many persons whose names were mentioned to him, although the life he described as having led must have brought him into close contact with many of them.

It was impossible for an outsider to tell which was Jewels' favorite among the ladies.

After breakfast he would lounge, morning paper in hand, into the parlor where the window and Miss Bell were sure to repair.

Both ladies bore partnership with good nature, as each one managed to secure plenty of undisturbed interviews with him.

Jewels improved these interviews so well that he soon became the affianced husband of the widow, and the ardent and favored suitor of Miss Bell.

So each lady being under the blissful delusion that she was the sole object of his choice, could, in her sweet security, allow him to be gallant to her friend; it was so gentlemanly!

"We will keep our engagement, a sweet secret, darling," he said to the widow, "until my birthday, just three weeks hence.

"It seems a long time to wait, dear one," caressing her, "but it would give me such pleasure to make it known on that day.

"How astonished they will all be, won't they, pet?

"Now, just set your little head to thinking what pretty things you would like me to get for you.

"Do not be afraid to tell what you fancy, for whatever money can purchase my wife shall have."

There was no need to make any such request of Mrs. Lee, for her little head had been busy thinking of what she intended to have ever since she had met Jewels.

First came his diamond ring and pin—each, as Nellie said, as large as a frying-pan—which she already looked upon as her own property.

"It is bad taste for a gentleman to make such a display," she said to herself."

"I can easily talk him into giving them to me.

"Won't they all be jealous!

"There is that absurd Miss Bell and that contemptible schoolgirl Nell both hanging round him all the time.

"I believe they actually imagine he cares for them!"

That evening Jewels, being left alone in the parlor with Miss Bell, drew close to her, and bending over her, and tenderly, and almost sadly—

"If you had not said something I heard you say once, I would have the boldness to ask a great favor of you."

"Why, what did I say?" asked she coquettishly.

"You said you would never live out of London."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, my home is in San Francisco," he said significantly.

Just then, to Miss Bell's grave vexation, some one entered and interrupted him.

But the next day she did a great deal of shopping, and began making her trousseau immediately.

The afternoon of Jewels' were devoted to business visits, so he said, and as he liked a walk for a constitutional, he generally managed to pass Nell's school just as it was being dismissed, and had the pleasure of escorting her home.

During these walks he so ingratiated himself in her favor, and dazzled her by descriptions of his wealth and of the magnificence he intended to lavish on his wife, that she finally consented to elope with him partly because it was romantic.

"Dear mamma will be sure to forgive me," she thought.

And she pictured herself coming with her husband, in her own elegant carriage, to ask her mother's forgiveness and receive her blessing, and of then carrying her off to the home that Jewels had prepared for his bride.

The evening assigned for the elopement arrived.

The household were all assembled in the parlor as usual, engaged in merry chat.

Jewels, Miss Bell, Nell and Mrs. Lee formed the liveliest group; and the hearts of the ladies were beating high with their varied emotions.

Little the three imagined what was passing in each other's minds.

Poor little Nell trembled like a frightened bird at the dreadful thing she was about to do, and began to repent her rashness.

"In another hour," she thought, growing dizzy as she looked at the clock, "we must start."

She dared not look at her lover.

She half thought she hated him, and fervently wished she had some girl friend who could go with her in her flight.

She was growing more and more nervous and had just thought that she wished something would happen to prevent it, when there was a sound of strange voices in the hall, and after a slight commotion a man walked coolly into the parlor with the exclamation—

"Ah, here he is!"

And walking up to Jewels, he slapped him familiarly on the back with one hand, and then jugled a pair of handcuffs in the other.

Jewels turned pale, but made no attempt to escape.

"Was going to bolt to-night, wasn't you?" remarked the officer, for such he was.

"I've been up to your room and saw all your things packed."

The excitement was dreadful.

"What is the matter?

"What does it all mean?" cried everybody in a breath.

"It means this," said the detective.

"After a long chase I have arrested him for shooting a man in Colorado and absconding with his money, besides leaving a wife and two pretty children into the bargain."

"The awful wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee and Miss Bell simultaneously, clasping their hands in horror.

"Oh!" cried Nellie faintly, dropping in a seat.

Jewels turned on them with a fiendish grin.

Kissing his hand bowing to him in turn, he delivered himself as follows—

"My sweet Nellie, our elopement will have to be postponed for a while.

"Sorry to disappoint you.

"In half-an-hour we would have been off.

"Dear Clara, we will have that little talk some other time.

"My own Helen, good-bye," bowing very low to the widow.

"I am sorry our marriage cannot take place quite as soon as we intended to have it."

"The man must be crazy," cried the lady.

"What on earth does he mean?"

Nellie buried her face in her mother's lap and sobbed hysterically, but was finally comforted by Fred Hall, a young gentleman who had long been attached to her; but as he had no jewels, it is to be supposed that he had been slow to find favor in her eyes.

The door closed on Jewels for the last time, and he left three wiser, if not better women behind him.

THE ROMANCE OF A TOOTH.—Some months since, says the Oakland *Times*, one of the loveliest and most accomplished daughters of a well-known resident was thrown from a horse, and sustained, among other annoying injuries, a fracture of one of her front teeth. The delicate pearl, which flashed through "lips within whose rosy labyrinth when she smiled, the soul was lost," was hopelessly crushed, and marred the beauty of the lady considerably. The only remedy for its injury was to have the root of the broken tooth extracted and a false tooth made to fill the horrid breach in her mouth. In her distress she sought the advice of Dr. George J. Luce. She had read somewhere or had been told by somebody that dentistry had advanced to such a science that it was possible to transplant a tooth from the mouth of another person, which would take root and bloom as it had in its original gum. Could he secure for her a match for the broken tooth? if he could he might name his price. Beauty in distress appeals to Dr. Luce never in vain, so he informed the grief-stricken maiden that such operations had been successfully performed, but in the present case the difficulty would be to discover a tooth of such purity, delicacy and beauty as to be worthy to munch caramels in company with those which now mourned the loss of their crushed companion. However, he would see what he could do. A month or two passed. At last the tooth was found. A young Spaniard, whose well-brushed and somewhat faded habiliments indicated a struggle with fate, entered the office to receive some slight dental attention. His manners were those of a gentleman and his conversation denoted intelligence and refinement. When he opened his mouth the doctor could hardly conceal his emotion. There was the tooth he had been looking for, flashing its dazzling whiteness, the perfection of form and the acme of purity. It was indeed a gem. The subject was approached cautiously, but the young man spoke of his poverty; the doctor offered him $100 for the tooth. The money tempted the impecunious foreigner, who immediately offered all his stock in trade on the same terms. An appointment was made for the next day and a note despatched to the lady, informing her that at last the tooth was found. At the given hour the gentleman entered the front office, and the lady, closely veiled shortly after entered the rear office, for it was a part of the bargain that the gentleman was not to see the lady. The tooth was extracted, the money paid, the stranger departed. Then the tooth was carefully cleansed and submitted to a delicate treatment to preserve its vitality, while the doctor was preparing the mouth of the lady for its reception. It was soon inserted, and in the course of three or four hours had immovably taken root in its new home. In a few days the operation was pronounced a complete success, and Miss—— became the happiest of girls. Now for the sequel. With a woman's curiosity she was continually speculating as to whom the tooth belonged, and the gentleman in turn was cudgelling his brain for some means to ascertain the whereabouts of his tooth, which had turned the tide of his affairs so luckily. For with the money it had brought him he had made a fortunate purchase of stock, and step by step he had gone on with his rapidly accumulating capital until he had a snug little bank account and patronized a fashionable tailor. Chance threw him into a select party one evening where Miss——happened to be present and he commenced recounting his adventure. When he smiled and pointed to the vacant place in his mouth where the tooth had once had its home, Miss—— gave a little shriek, and her secret was discovered. It is rumored that out of this dental operation a veritable love match will shortly occur, and in fashionable Oakland circles this romance of a tooth is just now the all absorbing topic.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—Within the last few days a placard issued by the Salvation Army at Leeds has been reproduced in the columns of the public press. After the usual proclamation of "War! war!!" etc., and an invitation to everybody to "join in the fight against Old Nick," the plan of attack is thus described: "Monday, June 5 at 7:45, Salvation Charge. Tuesday, Great Exhibition of Hallelujah Lasses. Wednesday, Fire and Brimstone. Thursday, Roll-call; soldiers to deliver up their cartridges. Friday, at 7:30, Baptism of Fire. Saturday, at 7:45, Rejoicing over Victories Won; all over the Shop Meetings. Sunday, June 11, at 7 a. m., Knee-drill. Ammunition supplied to soldiers by the Quartermaster-General; 11 a. m., Descent of the Holy Ghost; 2:30 p. m., Tremendous Free and Easy; 6:30 p. m., Great Charge on the Devil; 9 a. m., Hallelujah Galop.

HOW TO MAKE A POET.—To make a poet take liberally of shimmering sunshine, strain through a rhyming dictionary, and add equal parts of love-sick adjectives, archaic adverbs and such other words as you may never have heard of. Set in a warm place, where the whole may become intimately mingled, and garnish with long hair, seedy clothing and an empty stomach.

Bric-a-Brac.

APES.—It is the magot or Barbary ape which is usually made to perform feats in Europe. The sphinx-baboon is three or four feet high. In Borneo they pillage houses, and move in large and very mischievous troops. The ursine baboon resides in the high lands, near the Cape of Good Hope, and is very mischievous, and often dangerous to single travelers, carrying clubs and throwing stones with great dexterity. The preacher-monkey or Beisebub, fills the woods with noise, traveling on the tops of the trees, and one haranguing the rest, displaying in everything perfect sagacity.

POWER OF LOVE.—It is related of one of the beauties of the Court of Francis I, who was taken to task by her companions for her evident attachment to a man who they did not think requited her affection, that it so happened that he fell ill, and on his recovery had lost his speech; still she loved him and continued to be heedless of the sarcasms of her friends; till at last, in a moment of impatience, and anxious to display the power of her charms, she addressed her dumb lover, telling him, with a look of severity until then unknown, "Sir, I request you will speak;" and instantly he fell at her feet, and, to the amazement of all around, recovered his speech.

CHANGES OF VALUE.—In 1816 one bushel of corn would buy one pound of nails. In 1882 one bushel of corn would buy fifteen pounds of nails. In 1816 it took from twenty to eighty dozen of eggs to buy one bushel of salt. In 1882 one dozen of eggs would do the same thing. In 1816 it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth. In 1882 five bushels of barley would do the same business. In 1816 it required one bushel of wheat to purchase one yard of calico. In 1882 one bushel of wheat would buy thirty-five yards of a better article. In 1816 a pair of woolen blankets cost as much as a cow. In 1882 a cow would buy from six to twenty pairs of blankets superior in every way.

A BUTTON.—Hans Andersen gives, in one of his books, an amusing account of a young man, newly appointed to some official position in the Court of Copenhagen, ordering his Court dress in great haste, that he might be present at a ball where he meant to declare his attachment to a beautiful girl whom he was on the point of proposing—nay, had spoken a few preliminary words—when a button gave way on the hastily-made Court dress. The lover rushed abruptly away and the lady, hurt at his unlooked-for departure, made an engagement for a riding-party, where she received and accepted the offer of another lover. Thus, love, as well as life, often hangs upon a thread.

ENDING A DUEL.—M. de Langerie and M. de Montaude, both remarkably ugly men, quarrelled, and challenged one another. Arrived at the place of meeting M. de Langerie stares his adversary in the face and says, "I have just reflected. I can't fight you." With this he returns his sword into the scabbard. "How, sir! What does this mean?" "It means that I shall not fight." "What! You insult me, and, refuse to give me satisfaction?" "If I have insulted you, I ask a thousand pardons; but I have an insurmountable reason for not fighting with you." "But, sir, may one know it?" "It will offend you." "No, sir," "You assure me?" "Yes, I assure you." "Well, sir, this is it. If we fight, according to all appearances I shall kill you, then I shall remain the ugliest fellow in the kingdom." His adversary could not help laughing and they returned to the city good friends.

THE VIOLIN.—Recent writers trace the origin of the violin to the Indian Ravanastron, yet played by the poor Buddhist monks, who go begging from door to door, and it is traditionally believed to have been the invention of Ravana, King of Ceylon, 5000 B. C. From the Ravanastron sprang the goudok of Russia and the crawth of Wales—the latter in use before the sixth century—both of which seem to have differed from the later instruments of the same tribe in having the upper surface of the bridge flat, so that all the strings had probably to be sounded at once. The viol was the more immediate precursor of the violin and of its relatives of deeper pitch the violoncello and the double bass. Chambers's Cyclopædia says "The viol is to be seen represented on monuments as far back as the close of the eleventh century. Violins were mentioned as early as 1200 in the legendary life of St. Christopher. They were introduced into England, some say, by Charles II."

GLOVE CUSTOMS.—Some curious customs are connected with gloves. For instance, the ceremony of removing them when entering the stable of a Prince or a great man, or else for biting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission, and, when enforced, of degradation. When lands or titles were bestowed gloves were given at the same time, and when for any reason they were forfeited the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of the lady's glove to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In hunting the gloves are supposed to be removed to-day at the death of a stag, but money given to the attendants represents the custom. It was a very ancient form of acknowledgement to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor, and embroidered gloves are still presented to the Judges at Maiden Assizes, that is when no cases are tried, in England.

ONLY A SMILE.

BY S. U. W.

Only a smile that was given me
In the crowded street one day!
But it pierced the gloom of my saddened heart
Like a sudden sunbeam's ray.
The shadow of doubt hung over me,
And the burden of pain I bore,
And the voice of hope I could not hear,
Though I listened o'er and o'er.

But there came a rift in the crowd about,
And a face that I knew passed by,
And the smile that I caught was brighter to me
Than the smile of a summer sky.
For it gave me back the sunshine,
And scattered each sombre thought,
And my heart rejoiced in the kindling warmth
Which that kindly smile had wrought.

Only a smile from a friendly face
On the busy street that day!
Forgotten as soon as given, perhaps,
As the donor went her way.
But straight to my heart it went speeding
To gild the clouds that were there,
And I found that of sunshine and life's blue skies
I also might take my share.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EOLOX,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A SAILING-SHIP put into Falmouth and landed a single passenger.

He was a tall spare man, stooping in gait, worn and haggard in face: his eyes had a restless and weary look, all his expression was one of pain, from which an observer shrank, saying within himself:

"That man has a history!"

He had a history indeed, for this man was the Duke di Valdivia.

His history was one of wars and tumults, prisons, wounds, escapes, misery and exile.

He was a soldier and a patriot: he had suffered with Mazzini, he had fought by the side of Garibaldi; but, unlike these, he had fallen into the snare of a too large benevolence.

He yearned for universal brotherhood—a fraternity of nations, an equality of labor, freedom for all peoples, liberty led by justice, and justice tempered by charity.

If he could have cut off men and women from their shadows, and dealt with these shadows only, his theories might have met with a fair trial and a chance of success.

Alas for human nature!

With all his beautiful dreams of universal love, there were few men who had fallen more under the dislike and fear of his fellow-creatures than Uberto di Valdivia.

Cut off early from his family by his revolutionary tendencies, he had joined a band of insurrectionists, styled patriots by themselves, and "brigands" by the Austrian press and Government.

They were soon cut down, massacred or taken prisoners.

Among the latter was Valdivia.

Efforts were made to save him from a death-sentence.

They were successful.

He was condemned to a fortress for life.

After a few years of torturing imprisonment, he escaped.

And it was now that he fell into the hands of the secret societies.

By their help he was concealed for weeks, and nursed back into better health.

Then his flight was made secure, and his life assured by an escape to England.

There money was sent to him, and he was still watched over, still cared for.

He was grateful: he thought he had fallen among Christians, and had found a community after his own heart.

Even when he was undeceived, his own enthusiasm remained undimmed, and his faith in the righteousness of their cause unshaken.

His sojourn in Cornwall ended in a romance—a sad one for the girl whom he had seduced from her mother, her home, and her faith.

He did not feel that he had been cruel and treacherous in doing this.

He saw these qualities in others, but did not recognize them when they appeared in himself.

Yet, like all Italians, he had an exalted idea of filial duty; but in England he found other manners, and thought it no sin to take advantage of them.

Still he always meant to bring Phœbe back to her mother in triumph, and overwhelm that mother with riches and costly gifts.

His intentions were never fulfilled.

Death stepped in and broke his purposes.

He was again poor, again in exile, when his wife died.

A little brief prosperity they had after Italy was set free.

But he yearned for a republic, and plotted against Victor Emmanuel with the same zest with which he had conspired against an Austrian Duke.

Once more he had to fly—this time with his wife and child, and with the anger of his family blazing against him with redoubled fierceness.

After Phœbe's death his life fell into greater ruin.

He flung himself with all the passion of his nature into the whirlpool of revolutionary politics, and was soon an instrument in stronger hands, and then a victim in a Russian prison.

* * * * * *

"No, sir," said the landlady of the little inn by Malpas station, "there is no better carriage than Joe's to take you on to Penalunna church-town."

"Oh, 'twill do very well—very well," returned the stranger in his poor, broken English.

"Can you tell me if—if a farmer-woman is still there named Lanyon?"

"She is dead, sir."

"Dead?

"She had a granddaughter.

"Do you know if she is at Penalunna?"

"No, sir; she isn't there," said the landlady, making herself very stiff.

"Ah! Then where is she gone?"—and Valdivia's large musical eyes looked with sudden fear into the landlady's hard face.

"I don't pretend to say, sir, where such as she is gone to."

"Such as she?" replied her strange visitor, clasping his brow with a long, thin hand.

"Ah, speak plain, speak full—you try my heart too much!"

"In plain speaking, then, she runned away; and, though the gentleman she was with didn't go the same morning, he went in the evening of the same day.

"She abbn't been seen down here since.

"That's more'n two years agone."

"You—you cannot be telling truth!" said Valdivia, his haggard face flushing with sudden pain.

"Or—or we both speak not of the same person."

"I'm speaking of Betty Lanyon's granddaughter, and all the country-side will tell you the same as I do.

"She runned away first from her grandmother, and went to live with the gentleman who droved her here one day in his carriage.

"Never again since then have I waited on any young woman myself, when there wasn't a groom with the master, to speak up for her, and let me know the ins and outs of things; and that she was respectable like, and all that.

"If I'd known she was Betty Lanyon's granddaughter, and her father only a furrin fiddler, I wouldn't have tookt in the tea-tray myself."

The poor pitiful spiteful woman had at last asserted her dignity, and gained now her revenge for Lord Enderby's ugly words, when he dared to call her house a "rough place."

She gazed at her victim's distress with satisfaction, mingled with great curiosity and a slight compunction.

"I hope all this isn't bad news for you," she said, dusting him a chair and inviting him to sit, for he was standing, with one trembling hand leaning on the deal table.

He obeyed her gesture mechanically, and, as he fell into the chair, his white face gazed up into hers with an expression that for a moment made her pitiful.

"I see it's bad news," she said, the truth just dawning on her.

"Are you near related, sir?"

"I am her father, the foreign fiddler," he answered, a bitter smile just moving his lips for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned the woman, slightly abashed.

"I've heard fiddling is thought a deal of nowadays; and it's fine and grand sure enough to hear the fiddle played fitty.

"She held on to the ould fiddle she had uncommon, and the Penalunna folks says she played better than any fiddler in the country."

"Ah, so she played well, my poor Grazia!" said her father, wistfully.

"I believe she and the grandmother quarreled over this ancient fiddle she had.

"The old woman wanted to burn it," said the landlady.

Valdivia clinched his chair with both hands.

"Burn it!

"My Stradivarius!

"But she did not!"

"No, sir: the maid took the fiddle with her when she runned away."

A smile of satisfaction, a gleam of hope passed over the worn face of her listener.

His Grazia was a musician; she would not be untrue to her genius or her name.

"She took refuge at a friend's house when her grandmother would burn my precious violin?

"Is not that what you would mean?"

"He was a stranger down here, sir; he wasn't nobody's friend.

"The gentry didn't call, though some one was very sorry afterwards when 'twas known he was a lord.

"And there was a deal said about her and him, and his being so mad in love with a poor low girl."

"My daughter is not poor or low-born," said her guest angrily, his aristocratic pride getting the better of his theories.

"The people are ignorant who say so.

"Can you tell me the name of this man—this lord, as you say he is?"

"He called himself Mr. Fitzurse down here; but afterwards we knew he was Lord Enderby," said the landlady.

The Duke di Valdivia heard the name, and for an instant his face sank upon his hands; it was death-white when he raised it.

"Ah, it was Lord Enderby!

"And he has taken away my daughter, Grazia.

"Where have they gone?"

"People say they are gone to London.

"But we don't know for certain.

"No news ever comes of him to Caermorran now."

"Yes, to London.

"I will not go to Penalunna.

"I will take the new train to London."

"The first train, sir.

"It goes in an hour.

"You will have a bit of Cornish pastry, sir?

"It isn't no good fretting after bad rubbish that's best got rid of."

This was the woman's notion of comfort, and her miserable listener drank it in like a dose of gall.

* * * * * *

Enderby, this Lord Enderby, the coward who had betrayed those who were his sworn brothers, the cruel spy who had feigned friendship for the men he was selling!

Yes, doubtless such a man was capable of villany.

What did he not owe to him?

Shackles and pain, long dreadful years of servitude and exile, horrible companionship, thoughts more dreadful still, a life-long agony!

At Vienna a chance had been given him, a chance which, if taken, would have reversed his sentence.

He refused it, and was left a helpless prisoner to a hideous fate.

Free, rich, happy, he returned to his own land to seek out that prisoner's daughter—his only solace, the sole creature he had in the world to love, round whom his prison-thoughts had wound so many wistful dreams of tenderness, for whom and for whose sake he had borne suffering hopefully and tried to live—he had sought her, his one ewe-lamb, only to ruin her, only to make her vile.

Should this be accepted at his hands, too, and no vengeance be taken for such a crime?

Such were some of the thoughts that ran like fire through Valdivia's mind as he journeyed in bitterness towards London.

Truly, could old Elizabeth Lanyon have seen his grief, she would have felt herself avenged.

Perhaps, as he traveled on through these sad hours, tasting the anguish of bereavement, the shame and pain of thinking evil of his child, his spirit may have flown backwards to that young time when a mother's grief had been counted by him in his passion as lighter and less than thistledown on the wind's breath.

"She has only done what her mother did," he whispered in his heart.

"She loved, and has fled with her love.

"And I am no more to her than the summer-dust that flies in her face.

"It is retribution: but it is terrible to come home and find this instead of love."

* * * * * *

"Ah, yes!" said that painted baby, Madame Delgado.

"I did promise to look after the child: but how could I do it when she was down at that place with the outlandish name?

"Before she went, you say?

"Oh, but our funds were low then!

"Now do go to the theatre and see my son.

"He'll tell you everything.

"I never understand business, and never tell any news without his leave.

"So I really won't say another word about Grazia.

"I leave it all to him.

"He'll have surprising things to say."

This reticence on the old baby's part only increased Valdivia's anxiety.

He fancied she feared to tell him the truth.

He did not know that her habitual caution made her keep silence.

"At least you will tell me where my daughter is?" he said, hiding his anguish in quiet speech.

"No, I can't tell you anything.

"If I did, I should be sure to get blamed.

"I know nothing.

"I never know anything.

"I'm a baby—they all say I'm a baby—so I always beg them to keep their secrets to themselves.

"It won't do to trust a child, you know."

And the old lady laughed composedly at her own childishness, which kept her safely out of so much mischief.

"At all events, you will tell my friends to-night of my escape and arrival," said Valdivia, "and thank them for their kindness and their money.

"Funds have not been low of late," he added, with a faint smile.

Madame Delgado put up both her hands deprecatingly.

"I know nothing about funds," she cried, laughing like a child.

"Go and see Pietro; don't talk to me.

"I shall get my head snapped off if you do."

The Duke took her advice and left her.

All the intelligence he had gained from her was simply that he would find her son at a certain theatre.

He entered by the stage door, and made his way through an unknown region, all semi-darkness and confusion.

"Mr. Delgado?

"No, sir, he is not playing to-night.

"This way, please," said a man whom he had accosted.

They neared the stage; the clear sweet tones of a violin permeated the dull air, filling the heavy darkness with the rapture of delicate sound.

"It's a Cremona," exclaimed the Duke, his eyes glistening.

"A Cremona played with divinest skill—placed by an angel's hand!"

"You may well say that," observed the poor supernumerary, his conductor, his dull spirit for a moment kindling with a spark of enthusiasm.

"There's never been anybody inside of this building, yet that could beat her.

"And this is her last night here.

"She goes to Naples to-morrow.

"The house is crammed to the ceiling; it will be a farewell not soon forgotten.

"The money she is bringing into these doors is something fabulous!"

The Duke heard the man but dimly.

His spirit was with the music, which, like a line of light vibrating with the sounds it bore, seemed to pass over wood and waterfall, wild heath and rocky shore: till it reached the rush and distant swell and deep dayshine of the sea.

Here it sprang into newer, fresher life.

A burst of joy in sparkling notes, like the song of birds ran hither and thither, now high, now lower: then, subsiding into the minor key, the undercurrent of sorrow, the shadow of death, lying upon all things living, it took up a solemn strain that spoke of eternity, symbolized by the surging sea, whose waves embrace all lands, neither ceasing, nor wearying, nor changing for ever.

In faintest, sweetest chords the strain passed away, the tender, delicate, tired hand dropped down that had brought to the ear this distant echo of the far-off land.

But, though the music was hushed, unheard, like the soft wind that ruffles the silent ridges of the distant sea, its presence was felt, its effect was visible still.

Only a musician possessing that inner sense of music which sees the visions that rise in sound could have been so rapt, so entranced a listener as Valdivia.

Others listened and felt, but he understood.

He knew that the soul of the musician was exceeding sorrowful, and thoughts of sympathy, memories of pain and grief, came thick upon his mind.

What was this woe, this bitterness that she spoke so sweetly?

"Some exile's, mindful how the past was glad
Some angel's fa an alien planet born?
No exile's dream was ever half so sad,
Nor any angel's sorrow so forlorn."

Perchance her success was her chain, and she was suffering a splendid slavery!

Not far off and nearer to the side-scenes, a man stood as silent and as rapt as himself.

But, when the breathless silence of the audience was over, and plaudits rushed upon the ear, he turned; and Valdivia saw a face marked with evil beauty and pale with passion.

Their eyes met and each gazed at the other with a fixed look, changing gradually into recognition.

On Delgado's face with this there came a shadow scarcely to be defined, which passed quickly.

The next instant he had grasped the Duke's hand.

"Is it possible?

"By what miracle are you here?" he said hurriedly, drawing him farther from the stage.

"Come this way.

"Come to my room, where we shall be alone."

"If I were not dreaming," said the Duke, "in thinking so mad a thing, I should believe I had just heard the tunes of my own Stradivarius, which I left with my little daughter.

"Where is she?

"I have a thousand uneasy thoughts—a vile woman has spoken ill things of her."

Delgado hurried him onwards, not heeding his questions.

"In a moment," he answered, "I will tell you everything.

"You are sadly changed—you have suffered terribly.

"Shall we not have revenge for all these things?"

"Yes, I have suffered, but during the last two years not so much as of old.

"The money you sent me bought help—bought my escape.

"How can I thank you all?"

The remittances he had received came, he imagined, from his brother Nihilists.

They had reached him through the secret means at their command, and no line from Grace had ever come with them.

Money might be conveyed to prisoners, she was told, but letters never.

"There is no need of thanks," said Delgado, wincing a little at the thought that it would fall to his lot now to dispel the ignorance in the Duke's mind.

The Duke did not reply.

His thoughts were on his daughter, not on himself.

He was impatient at Delgado's slow gait and all the impediments they had to pass.

Suddenly he perceived the reason of this slow walk.

"Have you met with an accident?" he asked.

"I see you are lame."

Delgado's handsome face flushed, a malignant fire shone in his soft, yellow-brown eyes.

"I was lamed by that miserable traitor Enderby," he answered; and, opening a door as he spoke, he waved his hand for the Duke to enter.

"I have much to say to you about that man.

"He loves your daughter," he added with slow deliberation.

Then the door was closed; and, as Grace would not be free to quit the stage for nearly an hour, that time was given to a jealous man with "the poison of an asp beneath his lips" to instil much venom into a heart already wounded.

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The night waxed drear and the shadows fell.

There was a cloud on Grace's spirit darker than of old, the shackles around her pressed her hard.

Something—she knew not what—upon her lover's face reproached her, as, across the glaring lights, across the garish sound of drum and viol, she had seen it pale and steadfast.

was she doing right to wear this chain? Could her strength and his endure yet till the end?

Her pent-up tears oppressed her brain, her heart was swollen with love unsaid, with natural human longing to speak her pain and find rest for her weary head on one dear breast.

The hand of the oppressor was heavy on her to-night, she was drifting fast into fatigue, doubt, and dejection.

She had thrown herself into an arm-chair in her dressing-room, still in her stage attire, when Molly burst in upon her, clapping her foolish hands above her head.

"Here's news for you!

"The grand ould fiddler is comed home, and we shall all be set a-dancing like merry griggs at a feer!"

"Be quiet, Molly," said Mrs. Blake, who had followed her.

"Grace, there's great news for you.

"I'm right glad of it myself.

"I shall go home to-morrow with a quiet mind so far as it concerns you now."

"What is it?" asked Grace wearily, scarcely heeding their words in the echo of her own pain.

"Some one is here—waiting to see you—longing to see you—here, close at hand."

Grace rose, her face pale, her lips quivering.

Delgado's threats—all the fierce menaces his jealousy and his hate had uttered—were in her ears.

"If it is Lord Enderby, oh, tell him, entreat him——"

"My dear, it is not Lord Enderby.

"It is your father!

"Are you not glad?"

Grace stared at her wildly, her hands spread out before her as if to ward off some spectral blow.

"My father?" she said, with white lips.

Then Mrs. Blake set the door open that she had been holding half closed, and on the threshold was a haggard figure—a face pale and prison-worn, crowned with white hair.

Grace saw this vision just an instant, saw too the handsome face of Delgado close behind it, lit up with a smile of triumph.

Then her spirit rushed towards her lover as if to shield him, and her heart failed her utterly.

Stretching out her arms towards her father, she fell suddenly to the floor, and lay there, a shining heap of lace and satin, with face white as snow and eyes closed in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LORD SOULIS and his father were standing at a window in their club, taking a glazed view of society as it passed by, and chatting youthfully and carelessly as usual.

"We shall change the face of the world, my boy," said the Marquis.

"We shall fight our battles by the electric light, and kill our enemies by electricity.

"Fancy what a sight it will be to see twenty thousand men fall by the touch of a wire!"

"When we arrive at that pitch of civilization, perhaps men will prefer to settle their disputes without fighting," remarked his son.

"That is very doubtful.

"It would be so unnatural, you see, so contrary to human nature, and so unsatisfactory to settle things without a fight."

"Quite right, old chappie.

"There is some fairness in an open fight.

"But I wish you would throw the light of your electricity on the invisible foes—the powers that work in darkness, that stab in the back and never cross swords face to face."

"My dear boy, we leave all that to the dark lanterns of the police."

"Which don't throw much light on the matter," returned Lord Soulis, in a serious voice.

"I hear from Anne that Enderby has been threatened again; and one letter—purporting to be a friendly one—warns him that, if he goes to Italy, his life will be attempted."

"But he is not going to Italy, is he?" asked the Marquis.

"Yes," answered Lord Soulis, "he starts for Naples to-morrow.

"And—and I mean to go with him."

"My dear boy, what mad scheme is this now?"

"Are you too in love with the Rene?"

"Fathoms deep, old man.

"But I don't go for that stone.

"I mean to stand by Enderby.

"I've promised my sister I will.

"Where he goes, I go.

"I intend to stick to him like a leech.

"It is a case of 'Intreat me not to leave, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go,' et-cetera."

This, although spoken in the light way which is the fashion among the English when they are in earnest, was not a decoration of beautiful words, because it was the very truth, and represented a sincere and brave purpose.

"Upon my word, Soulis, my boy, I admire you, said the Marquis.

"And as there isn't anything doing in the city at present, and I have pocketed my salary, I really think I'll go with you."

"All right; do then.

"I consider we shall make a very good body-guard.

"I hate this cowardly assassinating work, and I'm determined to make a fight of it with some of these scamps, if I can only get the chance."

"Here's Enderby coming!" remarked the Marquis.

"And who is it with him?"

"It's that Russian literary fellow, Count Stroloff.

"Some folk say he is an agent of the secret police."

"He is not half bad in himself, no matter whose agent he is," said Lord Townlande.

"Well, Enderby, Soulis and I mean to be your traveling companions, if you will give us that pleasure."

Lord Enderby colored slightly as he shook hands with his friends.

He understood their meaning and felt half annoyed.

"I think one of you had better go with Lady Brentwyche and Anne, who starts to-night," he said; "they are less able to take care of themselves than I am."

"What a mad lot you English are!" observed the Count.

"Because a half-crazy Nihilist has carried his daughter off to his own home—a thing, by the way, he has a perfect right to do—you all follow pell-mell, totally regardless of consequences."

"We smell a battle from afar," laughed Lord Soulis.

"You can't keep Englishmen at bay long; we like close quarters.

"We intend to board the old lion in his den.

"It was a most unfair proceeding on his part to act in such a high-handed manner, cancelling his daughter's engagements and taking her out of the country away from all her friends without a moment's warning.

"He'll have to pay forfeit to the Naples Theatre if he won't let her sing there, and a pretty sum that will be too.

"His estate will bear it," said the Count.

"I am glad he has refused to let his daughter sing in public.

"She was earning too much," he added, with one of his odd smiles.

"I am glad too; and I am thankful she has a proper a guardian," said Lord Enderby.

"But he might surely have seen me and listened to what I had to say.

"It was discourteous to refuse me an interview; it was more—it was cruel both to me and his daughter.

"I am determined to come to an understanding with him, if an undertaking be possible; this is why I follow him."

"And, if he won't understand us, we must pound him till he does," said Lord Soulis.

"Why did he not stay in London and be made a lion of, as he ought to have done?

"A Nihilist, a Duke, an escaped prisoner from Siberia, and, above all, the Rene's father!

"Why, the world would have been at his feet!"

"That again is a true characteristic of you English," remarked the Count.

"Some mad politician, some wild theorist, whose principles you would not tolerate for a day yourselves, escapes from the prison or the gallows he deserves, and forthwith you make a hero of him.

"This Duke di Valdivia, aristocrat as he is, and too proud to let his daughter earn twenty thousand a year, is nevertheless a madder Nihilist than ever.

"He is gone to Italy to take a high position, to have his estates restored to him, to live, if he will, in peace?

"But no—he has flung himself again into plots; he is breathing out slaughter and revenge; he has resolved——"

But here the Count checked himself suddenly, only adding, with a laugh—

"I am very sorry he has escaped.

"Siberia cools people of his sort."

Lord Enderby turned towards him, as if surprised, but he made a little gesture of silence not unseen by Lord Soulis, who, with his father, soon afterwards left them, thinking rightly they had something to say to each other.

"What is the cause of your assertion respecting Valdivia?" asked Lord Enderby.

"I thought the condition of his escape was that he should plot no more?"

The Count lifted his eyebrows, with a slight shrug.

"But he made good his escape without conditions," he said.

"Our scheme was excellently well laid, but it failed.

"Apparently we are not so good at plots as our antagonists."

"It is a pity, for his daughter's sake," said Lord Enderby sadly.

"And for yours also," rejoined the Count a little drily.

"Will he let his daughter marry you, recreant as you are to the cause?"

"I trust he will;" and Lord Enderby flushed a little in speaking.

"Surely he will not destroy his daughter's happiness and mine for so mad a reason?"

"He is prejudiced against you—I have heard that from a sure source—not from the old sore, but a new imaginary one.

"And you have a rival in that Peruvian Delgado—a dangerous man—beware of him.

"If you would take my advice, you would not go to Italy.

"Be warned, pray, and stay at home."

Lord Enderby shook his head, and smiled sadly.

"Think of the long months during which I have been patient," he said—"months of pain for her and for me.

"I have borne meekly for her sake what I never thought to bear.

"I have suffered silently to see her coerced, tyrannized over, wronged, cheated, unable, through some inexplicable terror to do more than give me her hand for a moment in the crowd by the stage-door or send me an appealing glance as she stood on the stage.

"And all this I endured at her prayer, fearing I know not what of sorrow for her if I insisted on seeing her or interfered with the people who had her in their hands.

"But now she is with her father—now I intend to see her—intend to claim her as my affianced wife.

"I cannot injure her in doing this; and, if there be any risk in it to myself, I take it gladly."

"Fate is too strong for us all," said the Count to himself, after he had wished Lord Enderby good-bye; "and his would reach him if he were guarded by all the police in Europe.

"Regret is useless.

"We have fallen on strange times.

"And what is the matter with the fair Countess?

"Are her wits too gone astray in this love affair?

"A blank sheet of paper is a curious letter to send a man."

Led by jealousy, Mrs. Blake had risen in the night, and searched for and found the letter her sister had given to her husband.

Regardless of the address, she opened it eagerly but skilfully, and then saw only a complication of figures.

She could not understand these; but they meant something, and that something she was determined to discover.

So she placed a blank sheet of paper in the envelope and refastened it with as cunning a skill as she had opened it.

Ignorant that the letter had been tampered with, Gregory, in the morning, went a short railway journey and delivered it, as he had promised, into Count Stroloff's hands.

A day or two passed, and events hastened to a close with the rapid step of fate.

The Duke di Valdivia, embittered by suffering, by exile, and by all the jealous suspicious thoughts natural to a man forgotten in his prison, was difficult to deal with.

He craved his daughter's whole love—whole duty.

All her surroundings angered him.

His pride was hurt at finding her on the stage; her genius was given her to please him, not to delight the world; his parental feelings were trampled under foot inasmuch as she had taken this step without his permission, without reflecting that it might grieve him.

And she had done this for Lord Enderby, to rescue the child of a poor coward who had betrayed his friends—all her actions for the last three years had sprung from that one bitter root—her love for this man.

For him she was an actress, for him she had lowered herself to be a servant.

She had lived in his house in that capacity for months.

How dared he thus treat a daughter of the House of Valdivia!

"It was cowardly, it was disgraceful, it was worthy of the man who was a traitor and a spy.

Thus the story of Grace's life, told by an evil tongue, had been distorted, and, like a a lovely vision in a crooked mirror, the image of it presented to him was defaced and changed.

How could Grace make him understand the truth?

To see, to feel, to know one's own life day by day as it passes, is large and real, it pervades every nerve and every vein; to tell it in a few weak words to another is small and unreal—it is no more than a shadow which flits by the mind and vanishes.

So Grace could not build up in language the fabric of her life for him to see, and he could not have told, if he would, the drear and dreadful secrets of his prison-house.

Hence these two, parted so long, joined now after many years, were still asunder, and neither could pass over the gulf of time and of feeling that separated them.

Beautiful as Grace was, her father was disappointed in seeing her; he looked for the little child who loved him; he found a woman who loved another.

Sore, jealous, irritated, he claimed duty and obedience, and thought, in taking his daughter away from the circumstances and the people who had stolen her heart from him, he should gain back the child who had thought of no love on earth but his.

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"Do not let us part in anger, Harrie," said Lady Brentwyche.

"You are going home to your children and to peace; I am going away in sorrow and fear, and I have a strange foreboding that I shall return no more."

"You have a thousand things more than I have, Emily.

"You have rank and riches and the world's honor.

"Why steal from me the love of my husband, a poor common man good enough for me, but far beneath you?

"How could you be so cruel?"

Mrs. Blake wept; and Lady Brentwyche suddenly flung herself upon her knees beside her, and clasped her arms about her as tenderly as in the days when both were young and innocent.

"See here, Harrie; I was not born for this rank and these riches; and they sit uneasily upon me, and do not gain me the honor you suppose.

"By the best I am not received, by others I am sneered at and ridiculed.

"And I did not gain this station without pain, without sin and sorrow.

"I would leave it this hour if I could, to go back to the old days when you and I played by the riverside and threw daisies into the stream.

"The rush of that river has pursued me through life; I played on its banks as a child, there I wandered with my lover, there I lost all I cared for——"

"But why go back to this now?" interposed Mrs. Blake, struggling against her embrace.

"I am speaking of Gregory—of your cruelty in enticing his love from me—you a great lady rich and beautiful, and he and I the poor common people we ever were."

"Hear me out," pleaded Lady Brentwyche.

"I want you to understand me better.

"I would give worlds, Harrie, to be like you—a poor common woman, as you call yourself.

"I wish that lady who took a fancy to my pretty face, and sent me to school had left me to my life."

"If she had, it would have been the same thing.

"You were never happy or good, Emily. And you don't answer me about Gregory—the poor weed you flung out of your hand once and have picked up now again for cruel pastime."

"No, Harrie, no!

"Let me tell you the truth.

"I have been wretched—I have been living in terror.

"I wanted a friend, and so I took Gregory for that friend, not meaning to harm you.

"If some of the old feeling has come upon his mind through this, it is but a shadow that will pass away when he is home again.

"And you may tell him, if you will, that I had secretly the same horror of him I have ever had since—since that time.

"And before then I never loved him—no, never!

"Now kiss me, and let us say good-bye to each other in kindness.

"You will find that I have not forgotten you or your children in my will."

This was soothing; so it was to hear that secretly this too-beautiful sister had only painful thoughts of her husband; so Mrs. Blake bent forward and pressed her lips forgivingly on her cheek, and their tears mingled.

A few minutes after this they parted, and it was not till after the carriage had rolled away, bearing her and Lady Ann to the station, that Mrs. Blake remembered with compunction her foolish act regarding the letter.

It was a curious fact that Gregory felt more in parting from Grace than in leaving Lady Brentwyche.

On bidding Grace good-bye, he had walked around her again and again with a regretful look of admiration.

"Worth such heaps of money, and I never guessed it," he said—"earning it with a song—easy as whistling!

"And leaving it all now as if 'twas no account!

"Well, well, 'tis a pity you can't be sold to some one who would vally ye rightly!"

Seeing him thus moved and—Grace being gone—glad on the whole to get back to his bullocks, and thinking more of them and his money than of her sister, his wife felt the greater compunction.

Then a thought struck her.

She wrote a few contrite lines, and placed them and the paper she had abstracted in an envelope which she addressed to her sister.

And, when bidding farewell to Madame Delgado, she put this note in her hands, saying—

"As your son goes to Naples to-morrow and will see Emily, perhaps he'll kindly give her this from me."

"Certainly," returned Madame, putting the letter into her pocket with a smile on her seemingly innocent baby-face.

In the evening Harriet Blake was journeying happily towards her home, ignorant that it would have been better to send her sister a packet of dynamite than to return her that letter by such a messenger.

* * * * * *

Grace was glad to leave England.

Every mile of sea and land that stretched its green distance between her and her love was a great relief to her strained mind.

If it meant exile or sorrow for her, surely it represented safety for him.

Her thoughts were with him continually.

It was not that they flew towards him at all hours; it was simply that his image was a living presence to her—not a presence she could touch or hold sweet converse with, but a reproachful sad presence, ever pursued by a deadly danger, from which her weak arms constantly strove to shield him.

During the few days her father had remained in London, his coming step had brought her a fevered beating of the heart, his retreating steps a deadly chill of fear.

She grew wan and pale, and sleep departed from her, or, if it came, it brought dreams more terrible than her waking anguish.

She was over-fatigued; and she had received a nervous shock in her father's sudden return; she needed rest and change of scene, said her physician.

This advice tallied so well with her father's secret wishes that it was carried out at once.

"Then we will not tarry here, Grazia," he said; "we will go to our own land without delay."

To Grace, her own land was that dear sea-rocked shore beneath whose sunshine and shadows her heart had first trembled to the touch of love.

There one dear face had first stolen into her dreams, one voice had thrilled her soul

with mysterious joy: there, in fancy, she still wandered hand in hand with him, both gazing together down the bare grandeur of the solemn shore, or, with eyes brimful of its measureless glory, looking out over the wide, fresh green floor of the sun-lighted sea.

The vision was always fair, always beautiful; it caressed her with soft touch, like the shadow of the green leaves; there was no time or place when the memory of it did not bring a swift smile of love to her pale, patient loving face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

LILLIAN JODDRELL lay on the couch from which there was little chance that she would again arise.

Her beautiful young features were sharp and drawn, and pinched with the recent suffering she had endured, and the languid paleness of utter prostration overspread her once blooming cheek.

By her side, in the first sweet innocence of the dawn of life, lay her new-born child—a girl, whose features already bore a strong resemblance to the mother's loveliness, and whose tiny limbs were even now moulded in all the symmetry of incipient beauty.

Lillian clasped the tender blossom in her languid arms, and ever and anon cast a look of mournful, despairing tenderness on its unconscious face.

A kindly-looking woman sat by the window, her eyes fixed pityingly on the young and lovely patient; and by the side of the bed, with her cheeks bedewed with falling tears that seemed to trickle all unconsciously down her cheeks, was Violet, Lady Joddrell.

That beautiful, thoughtless matron, sister of Sidney Ashley, was indeed changed.

That look of fretful, selfish vanity that had disfigured the former loveliness of her face, was gone, and in its place was the expression of utter grief and hopelessness.

Perhaps a sense of her own shortcomings, a conviction that to her own defective training might be traced the present ruin and fast approaching death of her adopted child, and the destruction of her nephew's happiness, deepened and aggravated the natural grief for the untimely end of one so young, so beautiful, so beloved.

"Mamma," said the invalid at last, turning her head languidly towards her adopted mother, "will Philip come?

"Did you tell him I was dying?"

"My darling," she said, "do not talk so.

"Please God you will live; but it is almost impossible that Philip could be here yet."

"But will he come?

"Can he forgive?" she asked.

"My precious one, he will," said Lady Joddrell.

"Be content, be calm; you will kill yourself by this excitement.

"Only try to keep quiet till he arrives, and you will soon be better after this agitation is over."

"But does he know?" said Lillian.

"He must be told, mamma.

"I will not die with that sin on my heart unconfessed."

"My Lillian," she said, "do not talk of sining.

"I cannot believe that you ever forgot the vows you made.

"You are innocent—innocent of aught but the thoughtless waywardness I first taught you, the lessons of vanity I inculcated.

"My child, it is for me to ask forgiveness."

"Mamma," she said, "I thank God I am innocent indeed, but not in heart and intention.

"I sinned against the noblest, kindest heart that woman was ever blessed with, for the sake of the idle flatteries, the empty homage of one whose baseness I can now see and feel as it deserves.

"Oh! if I could but hear Philip speak my pardon ere I die, and commit my baby to his care, I could be indeed happy, at least resigned: yet I am very young to die."

"Lillian," said a voice, that made a faint flush come over her wan cheek—"Lillian, my wife, I do forgive, I do pardon all, everything.

"Only live to bless me—live for our child."

Her poor, wan face bloomed for a moment with some of its former loveliness, and then she said, "Oh, Philip, you do not know—you could not pardon."

"My wife, I do," said he.

"I have heard all; I know that a treacherous villain tempted you to believe your husband had forgotten you; that you could only find happiness, love, and sympathy with him.

"But your own words have assured me of your innocence, and from my heart I pardon you."

"Too much, too much!" she murmured, her pale lips quivering, and her eyes filling with tears; and then her arms were feebly extended, and Philip, stooping down, clasped her to his heart.

It was a sad and touching spectacle, the sight of that young pair—such a wreck of all that was noble, and fair, and prosperous—and all without one trial sent by the hand of Him in whom is the disposal of all earthly events.

Philip bent over the couch of his dying wife, almost as pale and wan as herself; and his eyes were bent on hers with a look of such touching, pitying sadness, that they seemed almost to bring life and happiness to her dying heart.

Lillian turned from that welcome, forgiving gaze to the fragile infant at her side, and gently uncovered the baby face.

"Philip, you will not hate her for her mother's errors, but will teach her to avoid them?" she said faintly.

"If she has beauty, oh warn her, by her mother's fate, of its dangers and its uselessness.

"Will you promise me, Philip?"

"I do promise you, as I hope for mercy," he replied, gently pressing his lips on her soft features.

"But, my darling, you will live, and we will be so happy, so different from the past."

She shook her head, and two large tears ran down her pale cheeks.

"No, no; I do not deserve it, and it is too late," she said.

"Thank God, I die thus.

"Do not leave me, Philip."

The strength given by excitement died away now, and the repentant wife lay prostrate as the broken blossom of a lily, whose name she bore, while the infant, as if conscious of the scene, nestled with a faint moan in her dying mother's bosom.

The nurse and Lady Joddrell now approached the bed, and strove to minister to the sufferings of the pale young mother, and to take from her the helpless infant; but in vain.

Lillian would not part with her newly born treasure, whom she must so soon leave in the world, where her own career had been so short and so faulty.

And thus, for the few hours that were allotted to her, she remained, her arms clasping the infant child, her head resting on her husband's bosom, till her youthful spirit passed softly and gently away.

Lillian's last moments were spent in the enjoyment of those dear ties which would have sweetened and hallowed and prolonged her life had she known their preciousness ere it was too late.

Were Kate Holder's prayers indeed answered by the timely penitence, the generous forgiveness, that marked the closing hours of a union, for whose happiness she had prayed with all the fervor of her disinterested heart?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHILE deciding on the direction of her flight, Barbara Graham, or, as we must now call her, Barbara Vere Ashley, thought long and deeply during the few hours that elapsed ere she quitted the home of her ancestors.

She dreaded a return to the dreary solitude of London, albeit it afforded perhaps the most effectual shelter to the fugitive, or the exile.

But still, to the best of her belief, Sidney Ashley was there; and the singular meetings she had had with that unknown relative in the wide city gave her a timid distrust as to the possibility of concealment. Moreover, the chances of employment were far more uncertain in the metropolis.

She knew that she had hopelessly offended her former employers, by her failure in the engagement she had made with them; and an idea that she might be more successful in the famed Scottish capital, gradually strengthened in her mind with every hour's consideration.

So her course was at last decided.

Barbara took the train to Carlisle, and from thence to Edinburgh, with only the common casualties to young and inexperienced travelers, and without the adventures and mistakes and hopeless confusion of ideas and comprehension with which novelists usually see fit to endow their heroines under similar circumstances.

But albeit Barbara was both tolerably able to comprehend and act upon the simple information as to trains and times and stations, which seem so hopelessly unintelligible to the damsels of ordinary fiction, it must be confessed that she did seem bewildered when she found herself in the beautiful city of Edinburg, among strangers speaking the broadest Scotch that had ever been heard by her Southern ears, and without the slightest idea of the means of obtaining the lodging or the employment she had looked forward to in prospect with such a hopeful spirit.

Once more Barbara had been, as it were, exiled—banished from a home, and without any but a willing fault of hers.

Was it always to be thus?

Was she ever to be singled out as a mark for misfortune, for misconstruction, for an unconscious cause of disunion and sorrow to those whom she really loved and honored?

Again some of the old bitter spirit returned, and she began to feel once more the murmur against her hard lot; and envy of the more favored companions of her infancy and girlhood that had embittered the early days of her childhood, the long struggles of her girlish life.

But the thought of the sacrifice she had made—the renunciation of the rights actually offered her by the strange being who had exercised so singular an influence over her own and Claudia's life, to whom the secrets of Sidney Ashley's story appeared as familiar as to him whom they concerned, exorcised the evil spirit within her.

Barbara could now reflect on her long-cherished love, her early struggles, and her future toils, without the shame and humiliation of other days.

At least she could feel that the same blood flowed in their veins, that an equality of birth existed between them; that the very benefits she had received were but drops from the overflowing abundance that might have been legally if not justly hers; and that it was to her disinterestedness, her love, that Sidney owed the continuance of the station and wealth that had so long been his own.

But was it so?

Was it in her power to induce that proud, lofty spirit to retain wealth of which he had no legal possession?

Could she hope that he would accept the sacrifice she had made, when she knew full well that his pride was to the full as haughty as her own?

Such had been the thoughts that had occupied her during the journey from Carlisle to Edinburgh; and when she found the train had arrived at its terminus, and that the arrangement of her plans could no longer be delayed, she woke up as from a dream.

The usual whirl and bustle of a railway station did not tend to calm or clear the perturbation that naturally agitated Barbara as a stranger in a strange city.

She drew back to let the crowds of passengers go by, and waited patiently till the heap of luggage had been claimed by the different owners, and wheeled off to the vehicles waiting for them.

Then she went quietly forward from her hiding-place, and inquired where she would be likely to find a lodging, and if she could have a vehicle to convey her to her resting-place.

The man she addressed was a decent-looking, middle-aged Scotchman, who was busily engaged in clearing from the van the last remains of baskets and packages which were in the corners and recesses of the carriage.

He waited for a few minutes without answering the question; he then said, raising himself slowly from his recumbent posture and looking steadily at her, "A lodging, lassie?

"Well, mayhap I may.

"My dame will take ye in; and a cleaner room ye won't find in Auld Reekie, if that's all ye want."

Barbara was about to express her willingness to accept any accommodation that was respectable and clean, when a gentleman was heard calling the porter to inquire about some missing luggage.

The voice was so familiar as to make her start, and turn to look at the speaker.

The next moment she regretted that she had done so, instead of drawing back in the shelter of the open van; for in the figure that was hastily advancing towards them, she recognised the manly form and good-natured features of Colonel Forbes.

Barbara drew back, hoping to escape observation, and sheltered herself behind the stalwart Scotchman.

But it was too late.

The quick eyes of the kind old officer had fallen on her face, and in an instant he hastened forward to her with hands extended, and a hearty welcome in his open countenance.

"Miss Graham, my dear young friend, I am delighted to see you," he exclaimed. "Oh, how pleased Pauline will be!

"Poor darling, she has so longed to have you with her again, and we tried in vain to discover your address.

"You will come to the poor child at once, will you not?"

"Thank you, dear sir, I cannot," replied Barbara; "it is impossible.

"Please do not ask it."

"But I must," said the old gentleman. "I do not only ask, but insist on it.

"My dear child is in no state to be refused any desire of her heart like this."

"Is not Pauline—Miss Forbes I mean—well, sir?" said Barbara.

Tears sprang in the old man's eyes, and he shook his head.

"Far from it," he replied.

"She has disease of the heart, which the doctors say may end her existence any moment.

"Indeed, it has hindered her marriage with Ernest till some change has taken place, which they think possible from her extreme youth.

"Poor darling!

"I should not be long after her, that's certain, nor should I wish to be."

Tears gathered in the good old man's eyes, and Barbara's eyes filled in quick sympathy.

"Oh, she must get better, sir—she must live," she said, eagerly.

"She is too young to die.

"What does Sir Ernest say respecting her illness?"

"He is a fine, noble-hearted fellow, and tries to keep up for her sake," replied the Colonel; "but it cuts him up sadly.

"You will come with me, my child?" he added, quickly.

"Yes," said Barbara.

The assent was short and simple, but the tearful eyes, the tender grasp, spoke volumes, and the Colonel asked no more.

He took her hand, placed it under his arm, and hastily led the way to the carriage that was in waiting, and handed his young charge into it.

"Drive home fast," he said to the coachman, and then sinking in a corner of the carriage, he became silent and thoughtful.

Barbara had now leisure to see the changes in that fine, hale-looking face.

The eyes were sunk, and the once ruddy and complexion faded to a dull red.

The mouth, too, had sunk, and the whole face looked at least ten years older since she saw him last.

A deep sigh came from time to time from his heart as he reclined on the cushions, and the utter gloom and abstraction of his manner was a painful contrast to the former jovial brightness of his nature.

Barbara needed no words to tell her how deeply he had suffered.

A short drive brought them to the handsome residence of the Colonel, in one of the best streets in Edinburgh.

The door opened as the carriage drove up and Barbara followed the Colonel into a drawing-room furnished with almost Oriental magnificence, where he left her, promising to return immediately.

"I must prepare poor Pauline for your presence," he said, sadly.

"Ernest and Mrs. Forbes are gone to make a call this morning.

"They little thought who would supply their place in their absence."

Almost before Barbara had time to inspect the various articles of vertu that crowded the room, the Colonel returned.

"She is delighted," he said.

"Follow me, but be cautious."

Barbara followed him up an easy flight of stairs to the door of a room which he threw open.

Pauline was sitting in a large cushioned chair by the fire, with a papier-mache writing-desk beside her, covered with letters. There was a bright fire in the grate, and the ruddy haze, together with the reflection from the crimson damask curtains, gave a comfortable aspect to the chamber.

Clad in a blue silk robe de chambre, and her cheek pressed against the velvet lining of the chair, Pauline's face wore a pale hue that was rendered more striking by a profusion of golden hair.

She eagerly held out her hand, and a smile of sincere pleasure parted her lips, which a paroxysm of pain seemed to have just compressed.

"Barbara, this is kind," she said.

"I have so longed to see you once more, to beg your forgiveness, and confess my injustice to you.

"Can you pardon and forget it for the sake of the suffering it has cost me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," replied Barbara.

"I had long since let it pass from my mind.

"But I am grieved to see you so delicate, dear Pauline."

"Who told you I was ill?" she said, quickly.

"Your face would have told me, Pauline, if I had not heard it," replied Barbara, evasively.

"But I hope I shall rouse you back again to health before long."

"You!

"Then you will stay?

"You can forgive me?" said Pauline, the tears rushing into her eyes.

"Can you doubt it?" said Barbara, gently.

"I have not so many pleasures that I can throw away that of being useful to one formerly so kind to me."

"And so cruel also!" added Pauline; "but I was jealous, mad, wicked; and I have been justly punished."

"She was silent for a moment; then she said, gently, "But you look ill and suffering, Barbara!

"Have you been ill too?"

"No; but I have been nursing a sick friend, and perhaps that has made me a little more pale than usual," replied Barbara.

"However, I am quite well, and we need not waste any pity on my looks, dear Pauline.

"You know of old that I never had a shade of color."

Before Pauline could reply, a servant entered the room.

Barbara looked eagerly for the familiar figure of the comely Susan when the gentle tap at the door came; but it was a smart, foreign-looking young woman that entered.

"If you please, Miss Pauline," she began, "Mrs. Vincent and Miss Julia have returned with my mistress, and would like to see your Paris hat and veil, and handsomest point-lace set; and Miss Julia would be very pleased to come up, if you can see her miss."

A sneering smile accompanied Pauline's contemptuous answer, which was delivered in no very gentle manner.

"This is the second time Mrs. Vincent has brought one of her daughters to see my trousseau.

"Marie, take down my entire wardrobe to them—dresses, bonnets, mantles, laces, handkerchiefs, ribbons, shawls, nay, gloves and slippers, for there is a new style of catch on one, and of bows and buckles on the other.

"Do you hear, Marie?

"Don't leave any of my finery behind; let the examination be sufficiently complete this time.

"Don't forget the Indian shawl, and the opera cloak and hood, nor that ornamental comb, named after the last popular dancouse; and tell Miss Julia she will please excuse me.

"Another time I will try to see her. Say I am ill, and particularly engaged."

Some minutes elapsed, during which Marie opened and shut a number of drawers and boxes, and finally disappeared with a load of silks, velvets, and laces.

As the door closed behind the servant, Pauline's irritated flush died away, and turning to Barbara, she said, deprecatingly:

"You will think I have still my old nature, Barbara, and that it is but a trifling kindness to exhibit all the mass of finery to their curious eyes; but I assure you, though I have not been in Edinburgh a week, these things have been asked for at least twenty times for inspection.

"Perhaps it is from being ill, but this mania for finery and dress disgusts me beyond measure.

"I have not looked over my trousseau myself," she added sadly.

"Mamma chose it, but I never even

troubled myself to examine it when it was unpacked.

"Perhaps I may never wear it."

Barbara stooped forward to kiss Pauline's pale lips that quivered as they spoke; but she suddenly sunk back in her chair.

"Give me that phial on the bureau," she said, hastily.

"Quick—quick."

Barbara sprang up and brought her a phial, which she put to her lips.

She was very pale; her features writhed, and heavy drops glistened on her brow.

"Shall I ring, dear Pauline?" said Barbara.

"Can I do anything?"

"No, no; you may fan me, please," she moaned.

Barbara seized a fan, and did as Pauline requested.

Then she bathed her forehead with essence that stood on the table near her, and wiped the moisture which had settled around her lips and eyes.

Gradually the paroxysm passed off, and opening her eyes, Pauline said:

"That will do, thank you.

"Now, dear, please pour out a glass of water from that bottle."

"Dear Pauline," said Barbara, handing her a glass of the iced beverage, "is it safe to drink iced water in your state?"

"Yes, I drink it constantly."

"Nothing can hurt me now," she said sadly.

"Please ring the bell."

As Barbara resumed her seat, Pauline said with a forced laugh:

"You look frightened, dear Barbara.

"Do you pity me, in spite of all my unkindness to you?"

"I do, dear, from my very heart," she replied.

"Do you often suffer like this?"

"When I am very prudent, and not agitated, I do not," said Pauline; "but the least agitation brings it on."

At this moment the door opened, and a servant appeared.

"John," said Pauline, "go to Dr. Hartwell's surgery, not to his house, and ask him to come to me before night.

"Say nothing about it, remember.

"Shut the door.

"Stay, send up some coal; that will account for the bell."

The servant left the room, and Pauline drew her chair closer to the fire, and extended her slippered feet on the marble hearth.

"I have suffered more during the last three days, Barbara, than in six months before," she continued.

"Last night I did not close my eyes; and I dare not tell mamma or Ernest—they are so terribly anxious and fidgety, and won't let me stir when I do.

"But now you are come, dear, I shall have some one to trust.

"I remember of old how I used to lean on you.

"Young as you were, Barbara, I always seemed to look up to you and depend on your firmness and judgment.

"What must I do then, now?" she added drawing the orphan's face down to hers, and kissing her again and again, while large tears flowed down her pale cheeks.

"Shall I read to you, dear?" said Barbara, gently, fearing the effect of the agitation.

"There, I see a volume of poems that are great favorites of mine.

"Let me read one to you."

Pauline's glittering eyes looked painfully excited, but as Barbara's soft tones fell on her ear, they gradually calmed and softened in their expression.

Barbara's eyes were fixed rather on her companion than on her book, and the words she recited were from memory, rather than from the pages of the volume she held.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in its flight.

"And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

"Ah, Barbara," said Pauline, her eyes filled with tears, "what if night were indeed at hand for me?

"If death should fall on me, like a darkness from on high, while I am still in the early morning of my days?"

"Dear Pauline, if it were so, is not death but the beginning of life—the dawn of the sunshine?" said Barbara.

"But you must not give way to these desponding ideas.

"I hope you will live for many long years to bless Sir Ernest and your parents."

"I do not believe it, Barbara," said Pauline, sadly; "nay, dearest, I do hardly hope it.

"No one knows, no one can know, all that makes life but a prospect rather of dread than of joy for me.

"But yet, death is very terrible, very dark, Barbara."

"Listen, dear Pauline," said Barbara.

"If we are in God's hands, it matters little whether we enjoy rest, or glorify Him in action.

"'Two hands upon the breast, and labor's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest—the race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut—all tears cease.
Two lips where grief is mute, and wrath at peace.
So we cry afterward, low on our knees,
Pardon those erring cries—Father, hear these!'"

Pauline leaned back in her chair, and her closed eyes betrayed the tears that gathered under the lids, and her lips murmured:

"Father, hear these!"

Barbara drew the curtain silently across the window, and arranged the large swan's-down wrapper round Pauline's fragile form and then, sitting down by the chair, began once more to read in a low, monotonous tone, which at last had the intended effect, and Pauline's gentle breathing betrayed that she was asleep.

And thus began the gentle tending of the generous, devoted nurse to her who so ill merited love or care at her hands.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IT was twenty-four hours longer ere Barbara saw Ernest Forbes.

She scarcely knew why she dreaded the interview.

The girlish fancy she once had felt for him had long since passed away, and was absorbed in the love that had unconsciously grown up in her heart from early childhood if her suspicions of his own feelings towards herself were correct, she felt convinced that they must have been as fleeting as her own, since his marriage was now an affair so completely fixed, and only retarded by her ill-health.

Still, the memory of the brief episode of their intercourse, his veiled benefactions to herself, his chivalrous interference on her behalf, and the anger it had brought on her, were all too fresh in her mind for her to anticipate the meeting without embarrassment.

It was perhaps fortunate that Pauline's health was too engrossing a care for any minor annoyance to dwell on Barbara's mind, or the constrained semblance of politeness which Mrs. Forbes could alone bring herself to show her, and the fear of any unpleasantness in her intercourse with Sir Ernest, might have been exaggerated, in her mind, to positive evils, even in the midst of her deeper and hidden sorrows.

He met her at last, by accident, after hours of intentional or cold, formal indifference were blown to the winds, and rendered utterly useless and vain.

The day after Barbara arrived at the Scottish capital was exceedingly beautiful.

Pauline, with the sudden changes common to invalids, was hopefully better, or rather the change would have been hopeful d Barbara been less keen-sighted to the deceitfulness of the lovely bloom, the unnatural glitter of the beautiful eyes.

But Colonel Forbes was enchanted with the improvement, and his wife was always determined not to believe what was painful and threatening, to have any misgiving as to the permanence of any passing rallying on her child's part.

"Papa, dear, I should like a drive," said the girl, with the half-childlike fretfulness of an invalid.

"Barbara will be amused with this famous city; and I have set my heart on showing it to her myself.

"Will you order my pretty bays to be got ready?"

"Then you must take old Joseph, my child.

"I would not trust you on any one else, if you really have taken a fancy for such an unwonted piece of gaiety," said the colonel, his face brightening with the renewed hope which her unwonted animation had brought to his sickening heart.

"Yes, papa, I mean to go, and to go alone with Barbara," she said.

"I dislike to have more than one person in a carriage—it wearies me even to hear them talk."

Mrs. Forbes looked gloomily indignant, but it was a rule that none of Pauline's fancies was to be contradicted, and she stifled her jealous vexation as best she could.

Perhaps nothing but the faint hope of saving her child from the fate which she in vain tried to ignore, could have controlled her bitter mortification at the inopportune discovery of the girl whom she had hoped was forever removed from her path.

The pretty equipage was at the door, with its spirited bays.

Pauline, carefully wrapped in cashmere and swan's-down, and supported by air cushions and every appliance to prevent fatigue or sudden action, was established in one corner, while Barbara, unnoticed and unaided, sprang in after her.

"Barbara," said Pauline, looking earnestly at her, as the carriage moved smoothly over the broad streets, "you are changed—strangely changed."

"Very probably," she replied.

"My life has not been exactly one of roses since we parted, nor is it intended to be so.

"You forget that I am an obscure, penniless orphan, Pauline."

"No, Barbara, it is not that which has altered you," continued Pauline; "you have traces of suffering on your face; but it has rather softened and given a charm to its expression that it had not before, and it cannot be hard work that has done that.

"Tell me the truth, Barbara, have you not been in love?"

The sudden question destroyed all Barbara's well-sustained self-control.

The deep crimson rushed over cheek and brow, and even the portion of her throat that was visible above her shawl was flaming with the quick rush of blood through her veins.

Pauline looked wonderingly, inquisitively at her.

"Then it is true, Barbara," she said, half-bitterly, half-sadly.

"I was not so unjust as I have since thought."

"In your delicate state, Pauline, I should be sorry to speak unkindly to you; but there are questions and suspicions that even the privilege of an invalid cannot justify," replied Barbara, proudly.

"What right have you to pry into secrets quite unconnected with you, if indeed any exist, which I do not either confess or deny?"

"Are they unconnected with me, Barbara?" said Pauline, laying her hand on her companion's as she spoke.

"Oh, if I could but believe it!

"But your face betrays you too plainly for me to doubt.

"Oh, Barbara, it is too hard for me to bear!"

Pauline's face grew pale and contracted, and the drops of cold moisture gathered on her brow as she spoke, and Barbara's anger vanished in pitying alarm.

"Dearest Pauline," she said, "you are ill again."

"Why do you speak on subjects that seem to agitate you so strangely?

"No feeling or thought of mine need cause one moment's pain, for it is not in the slightest degree connected with you."

"Barbara," she said, "answer me as you would make my last days happy, and answer me as you would make my last days happy, and me truly.

"Did you not—do you not love Ernest?"

Barbara not altogether keep back the color that the suspicion brought to her pale cheeks, but her eyes met Pauline's fearlessly as she replied:

"Never!

"How could you harbor so unjust a thought, Pauline?"

"But you did love him once," she said.

"When you were with me—when we were all but children in that dear old schoolroom that I shall see no more—you loved him then?"

"I had a grateful, admiring regard for him," she replied.

"Pauline," said Barbara, "is he not your affianced husband?

"You are jesting, or most cruelly unjust to a noble nature."

Pauline buried her face in her thick veil, and her slight frame became very much agitated.

Barbara could see the tears trickling through her fingers.

"Barbara, I am miserable," she sobbed.

"I have been very miserable, though I was too proud to confess it even to myself.

"But it is almost over now; and I may perhaps learn the hard lesson, that it is best that I have had this bitter trial to wean me from life."

"What trial, dearest, can you have had?" said Barbara, sadly.

"Young, beautiful, rich, beloved—oh, Pauline!"

"No, not beloved, Barbara," she said, gaspingly.

"Ernest does not love me.

"You look as if I were mad—you cannot believe me.

"But it is the truth, the wretched truth."

"Pauline, you are idly tormenting yourself," said Barbara.

"Why should Sir Ernest have asked you to be his wife, if he did not love you?

"He is too good and noble for a false, mercenary marriage."

"He deceived himself, Barbara," replied Pauline.

"Perhaps for a brief moment he was won by my pretty face; but that transient fancy has long since passed.

"I am not suited to him, and his kindness cannot conceal it even now.

"He pities me, pets me, soothes me, does all but love me.

"Oh, Barbara, if I could but change with you!

"I would willingly, gladly give up all my fortune, my beauty, all that has been worthless in Ernest's eyes, if I could but possess the charm for him that you have had—that I believe you still have."

"Dear, dear Pauline," she said, "this is a wild, sick fancy.

"Sir Ernest never felt anything but generous pity for me, and even that must have long since passed away.

"You will see that he has almost forgotten me when we meet, even as the poor orphan dependant of his cousin."

"Yes, we shall see," returned Pauline, sadly.

"But I believe you, Barbara; I believe that you really mean and think what you say, for I know you to be truth itself; and I will try to trust you; but it is very difficult to do so.

Barbara was silent.

A fresh bitterness was to poison this new haven of shelter, and Pauline's new-born affection and clinging dependance bade fair to create fresh misery for both.

Was it ever to be thus?

Was she never to enjoy even such poor compensation for deeper, dearer love, without such gnawing, jealousies, such painful distrust as this?

At that instant the carriage turned into thickly-thronged Princess street, which was then full of carriages and pedestrians.

The enlivening sound of military music, too, broke upon the scene, and a company of volunteers began to file into the opposite end of the street.

The martial music, with the hubbub that otherwise prevailed, alarmed the spirited horses; they started, tossed their heads, and plunged violently.

The coachman endeavored to back out into a narrow thoroughfare; but in the attempt the carriage was overturned, the coachman himself jerked over the dashboard into the gutter, and the frightened animals went on at furious speed down the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To be good is to be happy.

Scientific and Useful.

COAL.—A mass of the best cannel coal of the size of a whale contains more oil than there is in that fish.

BRAKE EFFICIENCY.—Among the instruments at a recent scientific meeting was one exhibited employed for ascertaining the velocity of trains and the efficiency of brakes. With this apparatus it was found that a train weighing 125 tons ran five miles five yards after steam was shut off traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The line was level and the day perfectly calm.

ELECTRIC WIRE.—The frequency of fires and serious or fatal accidents due to improperly insulated electric wires has set inventive minds at work to devise a means of inclosing the wires which will prevent their recurrence. Nature records the fact that a French inventor has taken out a patent for covering electric wires with asbestos, and it is added that with this wrapping a copper wire may be burned without the sparks being conducted outside.

NERVOUS DISEASE.—The superintendent of one of the Connecticut Retreats for the Insane, accounts for the increased amount of disease of the nervous system observed of late years by reference to the larger part of the twenty-four hours which the masses of the people spend within doors. A far greater part of the population than used to be are employed in counting houses, business offices, stores and factories, inhaling a heated and contaminated atmosphere, the effect of which upon the delicate structure of the brain cannot but be most unfavorable.

IMPROVEMENT IN PIANOS.—A Munich inventor has brought forward an improvement in the construction of pianofortes which it is claimed meets the problem of equalizing the strength and fulness of the different octaves. A series of tuning forks are freely suspended over the three highest octaves of the piano, each fork having the exact pitch of the string over which it is suspended. The vibrations of the string and thus a full and sustained tone is secured in strong contrast to the usual short and dry tones of this instrument. The changed quality of the notes which is thus produced also improves the character of the lower notes.

FORESTS.—A pamphlet on "The Culture and Management of Our Native Forests," says that we must learn to imitate nature in our methods of cultivation, if we would grow new forests successfully. The primary point is to keep the trunks of the trees shaded. Nature does this by massing the plants closely together in the forests, so that they shade each other, or by giving a wide spread of limbs with low heads to trees in the open. It also protects the ground layer with thick deposits of old bark, and we endanger the health of the tree when we scrape this off. Another important point is to keep the roots well mulched, as nature does with old leaves, thick mold and mosses in the forest, and a third point is to protect the trees well from the southwest wind—the breeze which, with its drying heat, is the most damaging to the vitality of the tree.

Farm and Garden.

BIG FARMS.—Farmers who cultivate too much land expend more labor to secure their crops than if their farms were smaller. Such farmers seem to always endeavor to cultivate every part, and in so doing are compelled to slight their fields and crops, entail greater expense than should be necessary, and reap less than if their energies were confined to less space.

FLOUR.—Flour is easily injured by being kept in a room where unwholesome odors are exhaled. For this reason cellars and other places devoted to fruits should be avoided. A fungoid growth will sometimes occur in flour that will baffle ordinary attempts at removal. Entire destruction not only of the flour affected, but of every vessel containing it, is the only remedy.

CORN IN THE EAR.—Not one farmer in ten appreciates the value of ground feed over corn in the ear. The fact has been tested thousands of times that one bushel of meal will put as much fat on an animal as five pecks of corn fed in the grain. The saving of one-fifth of the corn a farmer has grown will pay for a mill in one winter, and yet have the mill in good condition to repeat this process for a dozen years to come.

RAPIDITY OF SENSATION.—Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention.

BULBS AND PLANTS.—The New York *Sun*, commenting on the statement of a contemporary that "all bulbs and plants that lie down on the ground in autumn may be protected by covering the surface of the earth with leaves, manure or straw," remarks that this is certainly true, but if there are mice about it is better to leave the ground bare, as they are apt to make nests of the covering and feed on the bulbs. If any covering is used it should not be put on until after the ground is frozen, for then the mice will find it difficult to reach the bulbs.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 2, 1882.

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ABSOLUTE RULE.

Fashion is a monarch who rules absolutely everywhere. He is an autocrat, whose tyranny kings bow down to, and democrats embrace. He binds mankind in chains that are stronger and heavier than iron. The strong and the weak, the poor and the wretched are alike his victims. His rule is not bounded by geographical or national boundaries—it pervades everywhere. You cannot escape from him. Even if you screw your courage to a rebellious point, his satellites prevent you from committing an overt act. With no thought of irreverence, he might be called the universal ruler!

And why? There certainly never was a more absurd or more capricious master. It is not wisdom, nor justice, nor beauty, nor any quality whatever that he binds you to, but whim alone. And it is impossible, too, to anticipate the changes of his royal caprice. There is no fashionable barometer by which changes can be foretold. The man does not live shrewd enough to publish an almanac in his dominions. The future is as dark as the past is absurd.

If now he were a monarch of taste—if his mission were to beautify and adorn—if he gave to his followers grace and dignity—why then we would kiss the royal hand in due submission. But inasmuch as he scoffs at these things, sets proportion, unity, harmony, grace and consistency at defiance—inasmuch as he decks us all, as if for a mask, in fantastic and burlesque shapes, we will speak our repugnance for him if we dare not act it.

Indeed, and in good faith, it is a strange servitude to which we are bound. We cannot help ourselves. Our dignity is outraged by him. We are made snobbish and vulgar by him in opposition to our tastes and wishes, and still we are forced to put up with it all.

Now, if we were going to erect a house, decorate a room, or do anything in which we wished to combine use and beauty, we would argue in this wise: Let us secure those qualities and parts which possess the most varied functions, and at the same time the truest artistic propriety. We must obtain true proportion, perfect harmony, grace, consistency, and unity We would set before us a desired effect, and seek to obtain this by careful study and observation. Whatever impaired we would remove; whatever destroyed the ideal of Beauty we would cast out. By this means we would probably be successful in our purpose. Following this rule, the painter, the sculptor, the ship-builder, artists in almost every branch, so examine, study, analyze, and perfect their work. Why not then in the art of fashion? Ah, why not indeed!

SANCTUM CHAT.

In the last five or six year's New York city's trade in ostrich feathers has increased from about half a million dollars a year to nearly five millions of dollars. The increased demand has induced the ostrich raisers to pluck their birds prematurely, and the result is that fine plumes are scarce, and much piecing has to be done. There is danger that it will be the same with ostrich feathers as with lobsters, it being almost impossible to buy one that would have been considered a fair-sized one a few years ago. Unfortunately the situation as to lobsters can not be improved by piecing.

—

In certain pseudo genteel sets nobody who fails to keep a carriage is thought to have social position. A great many persons would seem to hold this opinion from the alacrity they display in securing a turnout of their own as soon as they can afford it. It costs, it is said about five thousand dollars a year at the lowest to sustain a carriage and its belongings properly. No gentleman not worth more than five hundred thousand dollars is thought to be justified in keeping a carriage, and many people believe that one should be a millionaire before he can consistently support such an extravagance.

—

BARNUM, the great showman, says: For years I have contemplated bringing together several hundred men, women, and children, comprising as far as possible specimens of every attainable uncivilized tribe. We are now commencing the "gathering of nations," and hope ere long to show them, and exhit their customs, costumes, etc., to wondering world. I regard it, if successfully carried out, as the most instructive and interesting exhibition that has ever been conceived. In pursuance of this plan a group of twenty-five Nubians—men, women and children—have just been engaged who will arrive in time for the next spring opening.

—

THE movement to the higher employment of women, now that it has once been set on foot, is certain to become larger and larger. Both because their wants are fewer, and because they have to underbid men in order to get employment at all, they will take lower wages than men, and in many cases they will probably give more care and dilligence in return. In the first instance, it will certainly be the more stupid men who will suffer from this rivalry. When it is found that the services of a fairly efficient young woman can be had for less money that it has hitherto been the custom to pay a very inefficient young man, inefficient young men will be more of drugs in the market than they even now are. As the education of women improves, the clever girls will more and more come abreast of the clever young men, and then the same process will be repeated.

—

THE courts of this State have struck a severe blow at the business of suing for breach of promise to marry, and the young man of the period, if he will avail himself of the information conveyed from the bench, can promise to his heart's content without any danger of being brought face to face with a jury and compelled to pay for the darling privilege of becoming a bachelor. The statute of frauds in this State, like that of most of the States, provides "that agreements not to be performed within a year from the time of making them are void." Heretofore the courts have been inclined to hold the promise to marry as a continuing promise renewed every time the engaged young man put in an appearance to occupy the best parlor for the evening. Under such a ruling, of course, the promise if it had more than a year to run when first made, would be comparatively recent when the time came for fulfillment, before which no suit could be brought. The Pennsylvania courts hold, however, that the original promise is the one that must be relied on; and if that, when made, is not to be fulfilled within the year, it is null and void, no matter how much courting there may have been between the promise and the breach.

—

In France a girl who remains single up to the age of twenty-five may be looked upon almost as an anomaly; even the least attractive regarding their establishment in life not merely as a probable eventuality, but as a matter of course. When scarcely in her teens her future prospects have already been discussed, and her "expectancies" accurately calculated by the family council; suggestions from its different members as to the corresponding advantages she is entitled to demand, have been carefully listened to and considered, and the names of such of their friends and acquaintances as may ultimately supply the requisite son-in-law duly registered. When the time for action arrives, negotiations are opened on all sides, not only by the mother and other female relatives, but also by whatever sympathizing "commares" (and they are legion) they can contrive to enlist in their behalf; and, thanks to their united efforts, the young lady whose consent to this arbitrary disposal of her person is regarded as a foregone conclusion, finds herself in an incredible short space of time betrothed to a comparative stranger, whom she has, perhaps, met twice in her life before. Yet, strange though it may seem, such marriages usually turn out remarkably well; and even in cases where a complete accordance of tastes and dispositions is wanting, both parties are, as a rule, disposed to make the best of an indifferent bargain, and, however cordially they may disagree at home, take care that the world knows nothing about it.

—

DEATH is the law of our nature, the tribute of our being, the debt which all are bound to pay. To the innocent babe it opens the portals of heavenly bliss. To the virtuous and upright man it holds out the prospect of salvation. But to the sinner death brings an assemblage of ghastly phantoms which haunt his broken slumber, and hover unseen over his couch, shadows of the future. There lies the man grown prematurely old from vice; and now, when it is, alas! too late, he beholds the Destroying Angel at hand, ready to accuse him of the sins that have sucked away his existence, before the tribunal of the Almighty Judge. There lies the usurer and extortioner, rich in the world's wealth, but poor in God's grace; who leaves, with many groans, his countless coffers untouched behind him, and feels with untold misery that henceforth his soul is the devil's property forever. There lies the murderer, and as the vision of his slain comrade meets his distorted gaze, he feels the scorching flames of hades already seething around and burning unconsumed. These are the victims, those the victors to that inviolable law which maketh not distinctions among men, but which upholdeth the dominions of the Creator over the creature in the empire of His creation.

—

A JAPANESE horse is so cheaply obtained, and the cost of keeping it so insignificant, that it is the fashion there to keep a pony and carriage for individual or family use. One of the indispensable auxiliaries of a pony and a carriage is a "betto." A "betto" is hostler and outrider, or rather he is an outrunner, as his place has been determined by usage to be near the head of the horse. These fellows run like racers, and do away with the necessity of hitching posts and fastening-gear. Your "betto" is sure to be even with the horse when the lines are slackened and the occupants ready to alight. It is seldom that a gentleman takes the lines when there are ladies in the vehicle. Generally the ladies drive without male companions, and many of them have developed considerable ability in handling the lines. The most inexpensive mode of locomotion for any one residing there is to join the jin-rikisha brigade. One of these comfortable establishments, with a gig-top attachment for protection against rain, can be purchased for about $35. A man can be hired for about $9 a month to be constantly on hand for propelling purposes, and he will travel about as far in a day as the average equine stock of the country. He requires no "betto" or grooming; takes care of himself and the rikisha; comes in the morning, and is at your command as long as needed. The jin-rikisha is an indispensable affair wherever it is introduced, and there are thousands of them in Japan.

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ONE of the most striking of the numerous tables issued by the Bureau of Statistics on the subject of immigration shows the decrease of late years, both absolutely and comparatively, in the arrivals from Ireland. In 1851 these had reached their greatest abundance, the number being 221,253. Thirty years later, in 1881, they had fallen to less than a third—to 70,909 in the greatest of all immigration years. In 1877 they had dropped to only 18,791, or to less than one in sixteen of the amount a quarter of a century before. In the two years 1851 and 1852 nearly 400,000 Irish landed in this country; but such heavy draughts on the population of the island at last had their effect, and the tremendous outflow fell off in quantity. Another fact of interest on this subject, much less generally known, is that during the last thirty years the immigration from England has as steadily increased as that from Ireland has fallen off. In 1851 the immigration from Ireland was more than 250 times as great as that from England; but in 1881 the English immigration was more than five thousand larger than the Irish. In forty years our English immigration has increased from 147 in a year to 76,547. Once more, while in the long period from 1820 to 1860 the Irish immigration was more than twice as great as that from all Great Britain, and while for over twenty years it was three times as great, ever since 1860 it has been much less than the immigration from the remainder of the British isles during each successive year except 1880. That year it made up its average from the preceding one, when the immigration from Great Britain was nearly double that from Ireland. Finally, Irish immigration thirty years ago surpassed that from all countries combined; and last year it had fallen to less than one-tenth of the total, being smaller than even that from Norway and Sweden.

IN EVERY SOUND.

BY MAY PROBYN.

In every sound I think I hear her feet—
And still I wend my altered way alone,
And still I say, "To-morrow we will meet."

I watch the shadows in the crowded streets—
Each passing face I follow one by one—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

And months go by—bleak March and May-day heat—
Harvest is over—winter well-nigh done—
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

Among the city squares, when flowers are sweet,
With every breath a sigh of hers seems blown—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Belfry and clock the unending hours repeat,
From twelve to twelve—and still she comes in none,
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

Oh, long-delayed to-morrow! Hearts that beat
Measure the length of every minute gone—
In every sound I think I hear her feet.

Ever the suns rise, tardily or fleet,
And light the letters on a churchyard stone,—
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

And still from out her unknown, far retreat
She haunts me with her tender undertone—
In every sound I think I hear her feet,
And still I say, "To-morrow we shall meet."

Liable to Mistake.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

"YES indeed," said Mrs. Bayberry, "it's exactly as I tell you.

"He came in quite unawares upon Belinda Jackson—the most eccentric old gentleman you ever saw.

"And Belinda was quite mortified because her pies were stale, and she hadn't swept up the best room and dusted it.

"'No matter, Sister Jackson,' says he, as pleasant as a basket of chips; 'I prefer the Marys of this world to the Marthas.'

"But she says he ate half a mince-pie that she borrowed from here, and declared that her muffins, for tea, couldn't be beat."

"Dear me!" said Miss Rhoda Roxall.

"And he discoursed quite beautiful at the Owl Creek Meeting-house in the evening," added Mrs. Bayberry.

"Where he will stay to-night nobody knows.

"He is such a dear eccentric old gentleman!

"He says he means to go about with his staff and his scrip, taking thought for nothing; and whoever turns him from their door must just settle with their own consciences."

"The dear man!"

"How I wish I could have heard him!" said Miss Rhoda.

"It was very edifying," said Mrs. Bayberry, with a mild uplifting of her eyes.

"I think I could rest peaceable in my grave," said Miss Rhoda, "if I had once entertained Father Genesis."

"I've set sponge for raised biscuit," said Mrs. Bayberry, "and got new green paper for the parlor window-shades, and aired the best bedroom, until it smells as sweet as a rose."

"Well," said Miss Rhoda, "I'll get ready anyhow.

"And perhaps it'll be my good luck to catch a glimpse of the blessed old gentleman."

Father Genesis—the nickname given him by a young collegian, in commemoration of his frequent allusions to the first book of the Bible—was an eccentric old preacher, who traveled around the country, seeking out the loneliest and most obscure spots, and paving the way, by his original exhortations and really fervent appeals, for the camp-meetings which generally followed—a venerable and kindly-natured man, who was deservedly popular wherever he went.

His real name was Israel Potter, but he was universally known among the country-folks as "Father Genesis."

So Miss Rhoda Roxall went home, resolved to sweep and garnish her house, and make what provision she could, at such short notice, for the possible entertainment of an honored guest; for Father Genesis waited for no formal invitation, nor even for an introduction, but walked into any house which happened to be on his way, claiming a welcome as a matter of course.

Miss Roxall dwelt, with her maid, in a little one-story cottage, half-sheltered by a rugged mass of rocks, on the very edge of the seashore.

At high tide, indeed, the water came almost to her door-stone; and often when the wind was from the east, salt showers of spray would sprinkle her casements ever and anon.

But there was a fertile little spot of garden behind it, and the windows were full of bushy geraniums, studded over with tresses of scarlet bloom; and Miss Rhoda always kept up a blazing fire of logs.

She lived there because the house had been left to her by her father, the sea captain, and also because she had no money to hire a more spacious residence.

"I don't need a great deal of room," said she; "and as for the smugglers, I guess they don't want to smuggle me."

And beyond one or two sudden and disagreeable visits of investigation from the revenue officers, who could not divest themselves of the idea that Miss Roxall was in collusion with the "moonshiners," and that her cellars should be vigilantly searched once in every six months or so, she and her maid had dwelt undisturbed on "the shores of the sounding sea."

To-night, as she walked along the edge of the shingly beach in the warm yellow dusk, with a quivering silver line over the sea to show where the evening star had already risen like a great shining shield, her mind was full of the old preacher and his labors.

And somehow she was not so much astonished as one would suppose, when on opening the door of the sitting-room she saw a stout elderly person sitting among her geraniums smoking a pipe.

"I hope I don't intrude?" said the stranger with a nod of his head.

"Not in the least," said Miss Rhoda with a genial smile.

"You are welcome, sir!"

"Smoke ain't disagreable to you, is it?"

"How very eccentric," though our heroine; but she made haste to answer—

"Oh, certainly not!" although of all things she detested tobacco.

"It's a delightful evening," she added.

"Pretty tolerable," was the curt response.

"I've no fault to find with the weather," he said.

"Will you take some refreshments, reverend sir?" anxiously asked Miss Rhoda Roxall.

"Well, I don't care if I do," said the stout elderly person.

And Miss Rhoda made haste to the kitchen.

"Mary," she said to her maid, "get out the best china and silver.

"I will open a jar of Morella cherries, and ——"

"What!" said innocent Mary; "for that old tramp?"

"Mary," said Miss Rhoda in a solemn whisper, "it's Father Genesis!"

"What!" cried the serving damsel; "that Father Genesis!

"And I've been watching the crack of the door all this time, lest he should go off with the spoons and the embroidered table-cover.

"Well I never!"

And Mary bestirred herself so briskly that tea was on the table in less than ten minutes.

To Miss Roxall's surprise her guest omitted the trifling ceremony of saying grace.

"Perhaps he is one who dislikes making a public show of his devotion," said she to Mary, afterwards.

"Perhaps he said grace to himself while he sat looking so hard at the table, just before you brought in the teapot."

"It's my opinion he was looking at the cold roast duck and currant jelly, miss," said Mary.

"I guess he don't got such fare every day."

"I will draw him out upon religious subjects," thought Miss Roxall; so she said, at a wild venture—

"You are doing a useful work in these regions, sir."

"Well yes," I ain't exactly idle," said his reverence, helping himself to Morella cherries.

"I hope you will accomplish great things to-night," piously aspirated Miss Roxall.

"That's as may be," said her guest, making himself fairly oleaginous with cold duck and onion stuffing.

"If you wouldn't object," modestly said Miss Rhoda, "to give me an outline of the evening's work——"

"Women don't understand such things," said the stranger gruffly.

"Well, I declare," said Miss Rhoda to herself; "he is peculiar."

"But," she added aloud, "women have souls to be saved as well as men, my dear sir."

"Perhaps," said the stout man—"perhaps.

"And now, ma'am, if you won't object, I'll smoke a quiet pipe in the back yard, among the lilac-bushes, before I go out to work.

"The wagon will be here in the morning, and——"

"The wagon," said Miss Rhoda.

"Are you then going to leave us so soon?"

"Well, I don't generally stay very long in any one spot," said the visitor, with a grin.

"Do we walk over to Owl Creek Meeting-house to night?" said Miss Rhoda, more and more perplexed.

"What should we walk over there for?" he said, staring into the bowl of his pipe before he refilled it.

"I haven't no business over at Owl Creek."

"The meeting is to be held there, isn't it?" said Miss Rhoda.

"What meeting?" asked the stout man.

"I think there must be some misunderstanding," said Miss Rhoda, looking around in a bewildered sort of way. "Aren't you Father Genesis?"

"No, I ain't," said the stranger.

"I'm the lightning-rod man, come to measure your chimneys for the insulators and wire."

Mary, from the back kitchen dresser, began to giggle.

Miss Rhoda drew herself up, coloring deeply as she remembered all the deep reverence she had infused into her manner, the best silver, the Morella cherries, and the best Young Hyson tea.

"I never ordered any lightning-rods," said she, with dignity.

"Yes you did, ma'am," said the stout man.

"You told my partner six weeks ago, when he was around this way, as you'd consider it."

"But that was only because he tormented me into saying so," cried poor Miss Rhoda.

"It's all the same as a bargain," said the stout man.

"And if you goes back on it now it's actionable."

So while Miss Rhoda and her maid trudged to Owl Creek to hear Father Genesis, who was a gentle silver-haired old man, with a flute sweet voice and a rare gift of eloquence, the lightning-rod man smoked his pipe in the back garden and measured chimney-stacks.

And strangely enough, the text upon which Father Genesis had chosen to hold forth that night, was that which treats of "entertaining angels unawares."

"To think," said Miss Rhoda to Mary, on their way home, "of my taking that lightning-rod man for Father Genesis!"

"We're all liable to mistakes ma'am," said Mary drily.

Not Guilty.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

THE last week in October.

As a general thing, Nature is not bountiful with her smiles these short, dreary days, when the world stands shuddering on the threshold of winter.

But this particular Monday was full of balm and sunshine, the air sweet with the indescribable perfume of the colored leaves which were drifted up along the roadside, and collected in rustling layers under the stone foundations of Exmouth Jail.

Overhead the sky was blue as a sapphire; and here and there along this wood-path a stray wild flower lifted its purple eye, the last, lingering relic of the golden September glow.

Dr. Fitch rode along the lonely bridle-path, the sound of his horse's hoofs on the dead leaves reminded him vaguely of the days long ago, when he was a boy and scoured these very woods in search of nuts, and hunted squirrels with a delight which no other sport could give him now.

"If one could only be a boy for ever," said Royal Fitch.

"Hallo! who's that?" as his horse shied slightly at sight of a slender figure, sitting on a fallen log, a few feet back of the road.

"Oh, it's you, Mary Trefoil.

"You got your discharge this morning," he said.

Mary Trefoil looked up—a dark-eyed, pallid-faced woman, of two or three and twenty.

Dr. Fitch knew her very well.

She had been in Exmouth Prison three months for theft; and during two of these three months she had lain nearly at the point of death, in the hospital ward, with a low lingering fever.

Dr. Fitch was rather proud of the skill which had rescued her from the jaws of death.

He stopped his horse and looked at her.

"Yes, sir," said Mary Trefoil spiritlessly.

"I've got my discharge."

"And where are you going now?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Where are your friends?" he asked, not unkindly.

"I have none, sir."

"But this won't do," said Dr. Fitch, noting the troubled light in the girl's eye, the deadly whiteness of her brow and cheeks.

"Look here; you must go somewhere, you know.

"You can't sit here.

"Can't you think of any place where they would give you food and shelter for a few days, until you get strong?"

Mary Trefoil shook her head.

She did not seem to be at all interested in the question.

Dr. Fitch's horse reached up his head and browsed on the still green leaves of a wild grape-vine, which the boughs of a cedar had sheltered from the early frost.

Dr. Fitch himself sat like a statue, and looked at Mary Trefoil.

"A social problem," he said, inwardly.

"And she must be solved somehow."

"Mary," he spoke aloud, "can you walk a mile?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Then walk along by my horse's side.

"I know a good old lady who wants a girl.

"Perhaps you may suit her.

"She need not know who you are, or whence you came."

"I didn't put myself in Exmouth Jail," sullenly retorted Mary.

"And I have told one story from the beginning—that I had nothing to do with the silver.

"I don't know how it came into my trunk: I didn't know it was there, until the officer dragged it out before my eyes."

"The law thought differently," said Dr. Fitch, who, as a prison physician, had heard these protestations of innocence from scores of lips before.

"However, that is not the question we are discussing just at present.

"Will you try to deserve my recommendation if I give you one?"

"Heaven helping me, sir, I will!" said Mary Trefoil, evidently affected by his kindness.

She walked beside the horse for some little distance, until, down a side road, which seemed to plunge directly into the woods, they came to an old grey-stone house, all mantled in scarlet creepers, with a background of gnarled apple trees, and the whir of a grist-mill sounding somewhere in the background like the ceaseless hum of some gigantic insect.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Glover," said Dr. Fitch.

"Have you suited yourself yet with a girl?"

Old Mrs. Glover, an apple-faced matron of sixty, looked at them through a pair of round, silver-rimmed spectacles.

"No, nor I ain't like to," she said.

"Betsey Keene, she's gone into the milliner's trade, and Lucy Hovey, she——"

"Well, I've brought you one, said Dr. Fitch.

"Come here, Mary!

"This is Mary Trefoil," with a quick glance at the silent girl.

"I know who she is, and I can answer that she will do her best to please you and make herself useful."

"Indeed I will, ma'am," said Mary in a low voice.

"Folks live about here?" said Mrs. Glover.

"I have no relatives," said Mary; "I come from the northern part of the county."

"All the better," said the old lady briskly.

"You won't have no followers.

"Well, Mary, I won't deny that I'm awful glad to see you, for I'm pretty nigh tuckered out with doing all the work myself.

"To be sure, my son Daniel helps me mornings and evenings, before he goes to teach deestrick school—for he's a scholar, my son is," with conscious pride.

"And father, he does what he can; but a man can't do much besides attending the grist-mill in a place like this.

"You look a little white and peaked, but ——"

"Oh, she'll be all right in this pure air, with plenty of your new milk and home-made bread," said Dr. Fitch cheerily.

And with a whispered word or two of encouragement to Mary Trefoil, he rode away.

Nearly a month later he came back.

"Hullo!" said Dr. Fitch.

"Why, Mary, you look like a different creature."

Mrs. Glover had gone to church, with her son Daniel and "Father," all undismayed by the occasional flakes of snow which were beginning to flutter through the air, and the howling of the wind down the glen.

Mary Trefoil was tripping around the kitchen, with an unwonted tinge of color in her cheeks, and her soft brown hair parted from her forehead, and a red ribbon tied at the side.

She stopped, with a milk-jug in her hand, and looked at Dr. Fitch brightly.

"I am like a different creature, sir," said she, "thanks to you."

"So it's all going right, eh?" said the doctor.

"You like the place?"

"I am perfectly happy here," said Mary.

"But, oh, doctor, I have no one to consult, and I've asked myself the question so many times over that everything seems distorted in my eyes.

"I wonder if I might dare speak out my mind to you?"

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Dr. Fitch.

"If I could only see the prison chaplain ——"

"Come, I'll officiate as prison chaplain, for the time being," said Dr. Fitch good-humoredly.

"Out with your trouble.

"What is it?"

"Well, it isn't exactly trouble," confessed Mary, busying herself with polishing the great red apples which were to be the crowning glory of the dessert.

"But I think—I am almost certain—that—that Daniel Glover is—is getting fond of me."

"Hal—lo!" said the doctor.

"Oh, doctor," faltered poor Mary, "ought I to tell him all?"

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor brusquely.

"A close mouth makes a wise head.

"You say you are innocent of all those charges?"

"I was innocent!" cried Mary. "I am innocent!"

"Very well," said Dr. Fitch; "then you are as good as he is."

And with a few kindly words, he rode on.

But as Mr. and Mrs. Glover were coming leisurely home from church, with Daniel sauntering behind, a sullen-eyed tramp slouched up to the former, touching his cap.

"Be you the grist-mill man?" asked he.

"I am the miller, friend," said Mr. Glover.

"Well, then," said the dusty-footed stranger, "it is my bounden duty to tell you that you are harboring a prison bird in your home."

"What?" cried old Mrs. Glover.

"I knows it, blamed well," asserted the man, "'cos I was in quod the same time she was.

"Then for she, and drunk and disorderly for me.

"And I wouldn't have blowed on her, but she refused me a drink of cider, and would not let me in to warm my feet.

"I ain't no tale-bearer, but there's some things as flesh and blood won't bear."

He stalked on, muttering to himself, while Mr. and Mrs. Glover and Daniel stared at each other in horrified amazement.

"Mother, is it true?" asked Daniel.

"It can't be," said the old lady.

"Ask her yourself," said the miller grimly.

Mary met them at the door with a radiant face.

The dinner was all ready; the humble array of silver and china sparkled on the board; the fire blazed on the clear-swept hearth.

"I am glad you have come back!" said she.

"Not that I was afraid to be alone, but there was an ill-looking man here just now——"

"Oh, why do you look so strangely at me?

"Is anything the matter?"

"There is much the matter," said the old miller, sternly.

"Answer me, girl——"

"Father, you shall not be harsh to her!" said Daniel.

"Come here, Mary. Lean on me.

"Nay, do not tremble so.

"What is there to be afraid of?

"We all know that the brute spoke lies!"

"Is it a lie," faltered Mrs. Glover, "that you were in prison?"

"It is no lie!" said Mary, turning deadly white.

"I served a sentence in Exmouth Prison: but I never was guilty.

"Circumstances were against me.

"I——"

"Then," sternly uttered the old man, "you must leave this house."

"If she goes, father," said Daniel firmly, "I go with her.

"For I trust her.

"I believe in her."

"Daniel, are you crazy?" said his mother.

At that moment, Dr. Fitch rode up, looking flushed and excited, yet pleased withal.

He sprung off his horse and walked into the house, looking keenly about him.

"Good people," said he, "what is all this about?"

"We have just heard," wailed Mrs. Glover, "that Mary is a convict."

"Pshaw!" said Dr. Fitch.

"So it has got around to your ears, has it?

"Well, I have just heard that she is not.

"I have just come from the hospital ward.

"A man was brought in fatally wounded in a fight.

"I examined his wounds.

"'My man,' said I, 'if you have any affairs to settle, they had better be settled at once, for you have not six hours to live.'

Said he—

"'If I am dying, there's one or two things I would like to say.'

"And then, in solemn confession, he said, among other black and wicked revelations, that he was one of the burglars in the famous Chartens case—that he hid the silver in Mary Trefoil's trunk, when, at the last, he found himself unable to carry it all away, she being seamstress in the Chartens family, and entirely ignorant of the whole thing—that he was too closely tracked to contrive to return, and so she was convicted through circumstantial evidence, being, to use the wretch's own words, 'as innocent as a baby' all the time.

"He is a dying man now, under the care of the chaplain, but he has done his best to right, Mary Trefoil, in the eyes of the world!"

"Mary," said the miller, "I was wrong just now when I spoke up so sudden.

"Will you forgive me?"

"Mary, don't look so pale," soothed Mrs. Glover.

"Here—drink some of this cold water!"

"Mary, dearest," whispered Daniel, as he stole his arm around her waist, "I knew all along that you were innocent!

"I knew you were too good and pure to be aught else!"

And the last words revived her most of all.

Dr. Fitch stayed to help them eat the dinner which Mary had prepared so daintily—the brown and oleaginous turkey, the cinnamon flavored apple pies, the baked potatoes and mince tarts, with the nuts and apples and sparkling cider afterwards.

And when he rose up to go, he said, laughing—

"Well, and when is the wedding to be?"

"At Christmas, please Heaven," Daniel uttered bravely, while Mary Trefoil cried out—

"Oh, Daniel, I never said so."

"But I say so, and mother says so," chimed in Mr. Glover, senior.

"And so the matter is settled by a vote of the majority."

"And I shall claim the privilege of giving away the bride," said Dr. Fitch merrily.

And so he went out into the snow and darkness, whistling gaily as he vanished.

And Mary, looking earnestly up into her lover's eyes, said softly—

"Oh, Daniel, I think I never knew before what happiness meant!"

"It does seem providential," said old Mrs. Glover, tenderly, stroking down the bright hair of her daughter-in-law elect, "that all this should have happened to-day!"

As if all things were not providential, when Providence is over us all.

"WHY, how odd you look with your hair parted in the middle," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I used to part mine on the side," said Mrs. Jones. Then the conversation became general. Each lady had to tell how she parted her hair, all but little Edith's mother. She said nothing. Suddenly little Edith's voice was heard. Said she—"My mamma parts her hair on the toilette-table."

Love's Sunlight.

BY HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

SUCH a wedding!

"No bridesmaids, no music, no breakfast!

"I declare I should not feel as if I had been married!" exclaimed Marion Willoughby, throwing herself down upon a low chair in her own elegantly-appointed drawing-room, and drawing off the delicately-tinted gloves which served as a finish to her exquisite Parisian toilette.

There was only one other occupant of the room, a man, tall and handsome, standing with one hand resting lightly on the back of her chair.

She did not glance up as she spoke, or note that Chester Thorley's face had lost its color.

"You are speaking of Miss Marvine's wedding?" he said.

"There is one essential to most marriages you have not enumerated in your list of things lacking.

"Was love wanting, too?"

"Oh, no!

"I believe she loves him.

"She certainly must do so to an almost absurd extent.

"They are to go housekeeping in a small flat in an unfashionable locality where he must be away from her from early morning until six o'clock.

"He occupies some salaried position—clerk in a bank, I believe—and she is a girl who might have married anybody."

"Honest labor degrades no man, Marion," was the firm, quiet answer.

"Even a clerkship is not always to be found, and I would rather break stones in the street than live on money acquired dishonestly or doled out by charity, though in such a case I would ask no woman to share my lot."

"This looks like breaking stones, does it not?" she laughingly answered, letting her own jeweled fingers close over the man's hand where it rested—a hand whose shape betaken its aristocracy, and which was white and soft as a woman's.

At her light touch his strong frame quivered.

He bent and let his lips rest an instant caressingly on her hair, for this girl beside him was his affianced wife.

"It could break stones, though, dear; and I don't know but that it would make of me a better man.

"Suppose I lost my money, Marion?

"Suppose it all were swept away from me in an hour, and I had a position offered me, a position which would enable me to live but very humbly, very much as your friend is going to live, tell me what you would do?"

"You are only talking to try me, Chester, and I hate such questions.

"In the first place, it is entirely out of reason; for even were it so, papa, you know, is very rich, and our home could always be with him."

"I have said to you, Marion, that I would rather starve than eat the bread of charity.

"Therefore, putting this possibility aside, tell me still what you would do."

Her fingers relaxed their hold upon his hand.

Was there significance in the action?

He smiled bitterly as he saw it.

His face was very pale now.

Except that he still stood behind her chair, she must have noticed it.

"You are utterly absurd this afternoon, Chester.

"Have I not just told you that Edith Marvine's wedding was more like a funeral than a wedding?

"Have you nothing more agreeable you can find to say to me?"

The man shook off a certain something which seemed to envelope him into an almost visible cloud, and answered with the old courteous grace which suited him so well, and had made his power with women almost a proverb.

Money always seemed to belong to him by an inherent right.

It was so very natural that he should be rich.

He knew so well how to expend his wealth.

He gave of it so generously, yet without ostentation, that no man envied him it.

Yet he knew a half-hour later, when he left his farewell kiss on Marion Willoughby's beautiful lips, that it was farewell to all his hopes and happiness.

The blow had already fallen.

He was a ruined man, with scarce a dollar he could call his own—he who had had no wish ungratified money might procure in all his thirty years of life.

It had fallen, too, through no fault of his own, though there was feeble comfort in that.

There was comfort, however, in the knowledge that he owed no man, and that he might start afresh in the world, with no burden on his broad shoulders or his conscience.

True, there was a deep wound in his heart.

He had loved Marion so well that to give her up was to voluntarily renounce heaven's sunlight.

But all her life had been spent amid luxury.

It was to her a necessity.

Deprived of it she would fade and droop: and better any lot than to watch her struggle, and know that he had brought it upon her.

Besides, she had made her choice.

To her a wedding meant flowers, music, friends, the toilette of the bride.

The future, the communion of two hearts, the solemn responsibilities incurred, were but secondary considerations.

"Good-bye, my darling!" he said, as they parted.

But when she added, "Until to-morrow," he answered neither here nor nay.

"To-morrow" the world knew that Chester Thorley's ship had gone upon the rocks.

Many of his business associates would have held out to him a helping hand, but firmly and kindly he refused every offer.

He wrote Marion a few lines, recalling to her mind the conversation of the day before, and releasing her from her vows to him.

Two years passed, and the little world which had known Chester Thorley so well, knew him no more.

He had entirely disappeared.

Marion Willoughby was Marion Willoughby still.

If she suffered she made no sign; but those who had seen the one sparkling stone, which had been the pledge of her engagement to Chester Thorley, noticed that she wore it still; and others, yet more narrow watchers, observed that always, when she entered a crowded room, she would take a hasty glance about, as though expecting to find some one not there.

She was as yet but twenty-two, a belle and a beauty still.

The third winter of his absence she went to spend several weeks with an aunt.

"I cannot spare you," her father had said when the invitation had come.

But she, going close to him, and laying her head a moment on his breast, had said—

"I think, papa, it would be best."

They were simple words, but he interpreted them aright.

The old wound would not cease its bleeding.

She wanted to go amid new scenes, so he only kissed her, and bade her remember that the old father awaited her return.

"You have not been through the steel works," some one said to her, one day.

"It really is a most interesting sight.

"Will you join a party, if we make one to visit them, Miss Willoughby?"

"With pleasure," she answered lightly.

And her aunt, charmed with the brilliant success of her beautiful niece, smiled at Clay Clayton's numerous devices to ensnare Marion's society.

He was the great 'catch' of the place.

She had heard something of some early disappointment in Marion's life.

It would be a splendid triumph thus to obliterate it, and already she felt quite sure that the flat lay in the girl's own hands.

The morning appointed for the expedition dawned beautiful and bright.

They seemed indeed like drones, intruding upon some busy hives of workers, as they entered the great building and looked about them.

Department after department they visited, watching with interest the delicate, subtle machinery and its wonderful workings.

Marion's cheeks flushed with interest, and Clayton, noting it, thought he had never seen her look more beautiful.

To-day he determined he must speak, when suddenly he heard a little cry, and glancing up, saw her standing quite apart from the group, her eyes ablaze, her lips quivering.

At a little distance from her, adjusting some piece of machinery, was a man in a working blouse.

Her cry also attracted him, and he looked up.

Their eyes met.

His face grew deathly pale, but he gave no other sign of recognition.

She went straight towards him, oblivious of all, with hand outstretched.

"Chester!" she said, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper.

"At last!"

He bowed low in response, and took no notice of her hand; but the old, dauntless pride was in the uplifted head and fearless glance.

"Did you know that I was here?" she questioned.

"No," he replied. "I am no longer in your world."

"You will come to see me?"

"I cannot."

Here his voice broke a little.

"Mr. Clayton," she said, "let me present my friend, Mr. Thorley."

Spite of the instinctive breeding of the man, some of the instinctive surprise at hearing a steel-worker addressed by Miss Willoughby as friend made itself apparent in the manner he yet strove to conceal.

Then the party passed on.

He wondered, however, why Marion lingered a moment in the office to address the superintendent some question as they came out into the air.

He had meant, too, to ask her on the way home the question which all the day, and for many days, had been trembling on his lips, but there was a new expression in her eyes and about her mouth which instinctively told him that this was not the time to plead his cause.

Had that fellow inside, who bowed so like a gentleman, been any other than a workman, he might have suspected him as in some way responsible.

It was quite singular enough as it was that Miss Willoughby should have addressed him as friend.

Doubtless some man who had seen better days, and for whom she felt a womanly sympathy.

"Can I see Mr. Thorley?"

The mistress of the humble little cottage looked up, amazed, at the beautiful young lady who asked the question.

"Indeed I suppose you may, miss.

"He's gone up to his room where he spends all his evenings, and not a bit of supper to-night has he touched.

"Shall I call him down?"

"No; let me go to him."

"It's the first room to the right of the stairs, miss.

"He's the only lodger I have, and you are his first visitor."

But the girl heeded not the words.

A strange vision she surely was as she stood an instant outside his doors, clad in costly velvet and rich furs.

Then she softly turned the handle and entered.

He did not hear her.

He had thrown himself upon his sofa and buried his head in its cushions.

He was so still, so motionless, she thought he must be sleeping.

She swiftly crossed the room, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, called his name.

"Heavens!" he cried, and would have started to his feet but that she held him back, falling on her knees beside him.

"Chester," she pleaded, "you would not come to me.

"My pride is less than yours—my love greater.

"I have come to you.

"Did you think that my heart uttered the unworthy words for which you have punished me all these years?

"I have tried so long to find you—so long and so hopelessly.

And she bowed her beautiful head and sobbed outright.

"Hush, dear, hush.

"You should not have come here, Marion.

"It might compromise you."

"Compromise me with my future husband?

"See, Chester," and she held up the hand on which gleamed the ring.

"I have never had my freedom."

"My own brave girl," he said, his voice softening even while he girded himself up to the strength of which he stood in such need.

"But the heaven you have opened to me cannot be.

"I am foreman in the works where you saw me to-day, Marion.

"My knowledge and love of machinery stood me in good stead.

"I heard of this opening and secured it.

"To-day I was adjusting some difficult piece of work I dared not trust to the workmen.

"I am in receipt of a liberal salary, which I am laying aside, dear, living as poorly as I can, hoping one day to buy an interest in the business.

"One or two improvements I have made are rapidly advancing me towards this goal: but it is still far off. I cannot ask you to wait, nor to forget the years of labor which have helped me reach it."

"I have waited already too long, Chester," she whispered. "I am ready now to become your wife."

His face grew deadly white.

"Do not tempt me," he said hoarsely.

"Oh, Chester," she said. "When I have so much money, why are you so cruel and so proud?"

"I cannot go back to a life of ease and dependence," he answered—"even with you, dear love, to brighten it. Bless you for coming to me Marion. Bless you for showing me all that a noble woman may be. The memory of this hour will lighten all my future years."

"Chester, you do not understand me," she persisted.

"I ask you to return to no life of dependence.

"I will forget that I have a single shilling in the world except what you give me. I will share whatever home you offer me—even this.

"For better, for worse, darling, we pledged ourselves, as sacredly as though already we had stood before God's alter. In God's sight I am your wife.

"I claim my right to share your dark days, as well as those on which the sun of prosperity may shine."

He strove to answer her, but his voice broke.

She had conquered; but woman-like, she gave to him the glory of her victory as she sobbed out her happiness upon his heart.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, at which were neither flowers, nor bridesmaids, nor music; but Marion Willoughby missed nothing.

It was after the ceremony had been performed that Chester showed her a document which had been his wedding gift from the firm he had served so faithfully, and which admitted him as a junior partner from that date.

But she smiled half-sadly as she looked at it through a mist of tears.

"You said once, dear," she whispered, "that flowers, to live, needed sunlight.

"My darling, I had not then made the wonderful discovery that love makes sunlight everywhere.

"With your heart my home, be its outward adornments what they will, I envy no king his palace, no queen her throne."

THE LION'S SHARE.—This term is applied to the greater portion of power, authority, or possession which one individual engrosses to the deprivation of others. Its origin is found in a fable of Phædrus, of the lion in partnership, who is represented as appropriating the largest share of spoil to himself.

WHEN the young man has ebonized half his tow-colored moustache, does it resemble a written argument because it is down in black and white?

A Fatal Mistake.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

MARIAN FELLOWES tossed her head in a pretty little way she had, and curled her red lip in a manner intended to convey her utmost indifference, if not actual contempt.

"No, I do not think I shall go.

"I don't care very much for picnics, anyhow.

Sybil Conyers, a tall, stately girl, with grave, straightforward dark eyes, looked wonderingly at her.

"I thought you always cared very much for picnics, Marian.

"I am sure you always seemed to enjoy yourself.

"I do go—it's such a lovely day

"And Tom Lester will be there, too, Marian," and dimple-cheeked little Amy Proctor looked saucily over the fence at Marian's now slowly flushing cheeks.

"Tom Lester!

"As if I care a straw where he goes, or whether he goes at all or not."

She flashed the words out angrily, yet with a certain coquettish suggestiveness in her tone that made Sybil laugh.

"Of course, we forget that a remarkable good-looking young gentleman is boarding with your mother, Marian.

"The foreman of the workmen who are doing repairs and alterations up at the Grange, isn't he?"

"Foreman!

"Sybil, you're too bad.

"Mr. Alter is no more a foreman, or anything of that sort than you are——"

She hesitated, smiling and frowning, and flushing mysteriously.

"Why, yes he is," retorted Amy vigorously, "for I know it with my own eyes directing the workmen at the Grange."

Marian nodded her head slowly several times.

"That is true.

"Mr. Alter does direct the workmen, in the capacity of superintendent, when really he is the owner and master of the Grange himself—Mr. Clifton."

A little duet of exclamations greeted her astonishing revelation.

"Marian, you sly creature," Marian went on, in slightly excited tones, "and you mustn't whisper it for the world; for he would be so vexed if he thought it was known; but mamma discovered, very accidentally, that Mr. Clifton preferred to oversee his own renovation, incog., and so he came here as Mr. Alter. Isn't it charmingly romantic?"

"How did she find it out, Marian?" Amy asked in awe-stricken tones.

"By his linen, for one thing, every piece of which is marked in full, 'E. Clifton,' and by other little incidents."

Sybil looked gravely at Marian's pretty, flushed face.

"And you have quarrelled with Tom Lester because you have another admirer who is worth more in houses and lands?"

"I broke our engagement because I'd rather be mistress of the Grange than a farmer's wife, any day."

"It's too bad," Amy flashed out.

"Tom Lester is worth a dozen of your high-bred aristocrats like Mr. Clifton."

Marian smiled disdainfully.

"Of course, if you think so. Perhaps you can console him, Amy."

"I will if I can, was Amy's ready answer.

"Come, Sybil, if Marian's not going, let us be off ourselves."

"Won't you reconsider your decision?" Sybil asked pleasantly as they made ready to start.

But Marian bowed in a queenly way she had lately fallen into.

"Thanks, no, I really don't care to go, and besides, I am engaged for a drive this afternoon with Mr. Alter."

"It's shameful in Marian," Amy exclaimed, when they were out of earshot.

"Well, somebody was to blame.

And nothing more was said until Tom Lester appeared upon the scene, driving his two spanking ponies.

"Miss Marian, I have come to-day?" he reproached, as he drew his horses up beside her, and stood cap in hand, looking down at her with eyes full of love and admiration.

Amy went on with her tasks.

"No, she couldn't go to-day in consequence of a previous engagement.

"I suppose you miss her dreadfully?" said Amy.

"Not at all.

"A month ago I should have missed her, but to-day—I would not turn my hand over to bring her here—nor any other girl who had, as I have reason to believe, set her cap for my money.

There was a bitterness in his voice that cost Marian Fellowes her self-control.

Snowy petals of apple-blossom showered upon her pretty gown.

"I think you have done very wrong to make yourself conspicuous because one girl out of all the world proved herself unworthy of your trust.

She spoke lightly, but somehow it seemed to stir Tom's interest very much.

"That sounds delightful.

"Amy, what would you advise me to do about it?"

"About it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Marian."

Another lovely glance and a slight dimpled laugh.

"Oh—I don't know, I'm sure," she went on, crossing her bright brown hair to one side like a bird, while she critically surveyed her wreath—"unless I revenged myself by engaging myself to the prettiest girl I know.

"A good idea.

"I wonder if the prettiest girl I know would say no?"

A delicious little laugh from Amy, as she jumped up, scattering the rotuse grasses and leaves.

"There's only one way to find out, Mr. Lester."

"And how is that?"

"Ask her."

And then Tom sprang up, a pale, eager look on his face, and caught Amy's hands in his.

"Will she say no?

"Amy, will you take what Marian didn't think good enough?

"If you will, I will be so thankful she has jilted me."

There was no gainsaying the earnestness of what he said, and Amy flushed and trembled, and then laughed.

"Let go my hands, Tom—somebody will see us."

"They may see and—welcome!

"I shan't let go until you promise you will have me—until you tell me you love me dear."

"But I won't."

"Then you can't go."

A saucy little dimpling of the crimson cheeks.

"Tom, please let me go!

"I'll—say—yes—but I don't mean it a bit."

"I'll take the risk."

And then he leaned over and said something that made her cheeks crimson even deeper.

While, at the self-same moment, Mr. Alter, three miles off, asked Marian if she would marry him.

"I said yes, of course, mamma," she said later, when she rehearsed the scene for her mother's benefit.

"Certainly you said yes!

"Marian, I think I have nothing left to wish for, now that I shall see you mistress of such a magnificent home as the Grange.

"You have done splendidly with yourself."

"And he never dreams that we have discovered his charming little romance, mamma!"

And an hour or so afterwards the picnic came home, and Marian watched them with a faint little sneer on her pretty face, that deepened into a positive mocking triumph when she saw Tom Lester and Amy, Farmer Hotwyn's lumbering wagonette—and thought that she would ride in her own carriage before long.

"I will cut every one of them," she decided.

And then something in Sybil Conyers' grave, haughty eyes, as she and a tall, handsome young fellow dashed by in a lovely little phaeton, made her wonder very much at it.

She turned to Mr. Alter, who had been standing at the other side of the window, idly looking out on the merry little cavalcade.

"Miss Conyers is with a strange gentleman, and he seems to know you," she said.

"Who is he?"

Mr. Alter looked up.

"That?

"It is Mr. Clifton!

"Why, what can have brought him so unexpectedly?"

Clifton! Clifton!

Then Mr. Ernest Alter was nobody in disguise after all; and all her charming manner had not an atom of foundation.

Mr. Alter was only Mr. Alter, and she——

A sudden rush of rebellious tears clouded her eyes as she tried to realize it—she was not engaged to the master of the Grange, who was driving with pretty haughty Sybil Conyers, and apparently very much smitten, for all he was a stranger, but to Mr. Clifton's servant and overseer.

And Tom Lester and Amy looked so comfortable and cosy together—while she——

Poor Marian could hardly bring herself to believe it.

Was it true that she had made such an awful mistake, blinded by her [illegible]

And in the midst of her self-tormenting reflections, she did not see the chagrin and [illegible] that was on her lover's face, or the uneasiness in his manner, as he excused himself.

And—"made himself scarce," or rather—"vanished that same day" with a big bill unpaid, not to mention the quantity of stolen underlinen he had borrowed from the wardrobe in the Grange.

Poor Marian!

She had nobody but herself to blame, but all the same her worst enemy would have pitied her could they have seen her [illegible] swollen with hours of crying, as she watched the double procession of carriages, the day Tom Lester and Amy, and handsome young Mr. Clifton, the master of the Grange, and Miss Sybil Conyers were married.

[illegible]

Caught in the Toils.

BY W. R. BENCKERT.

THE reigning belle of the season people called her, partly because she was beautiful and partly because she was rich, for riches call forth many praises nowadays.

Una Dupree was her name, and she was the embodiment of loveliness and heartlessness. She could count her conquests by the score, and men were growing shy of the lovely trifler.

It was at a grand reception where Una Dupree met Eustace Vincent.

Eustace loved her from the moment he first saw her, and in half-an-hour a mutual friend had presented him.

This was the beginning.

Una admired the handsome, earnest man, who listened half reverently to every word from her tempting lips.

And then he was the lion of the select circle in which he moved.

He was wealthy and a genius, and what more could a heartless woman like Una Dupree desire than the adoring yet respectful devotion she knew so well how to win?

Her new lover was a poet.

Already he had begun a promising career in the trying fields of literature.

There was a chance to test the grand passion. And so she'd test it.

Almost two months had crept by, when the [illegible]

It was a [illegible] on the part of [illegible] Una Vincent never [illegible] more sarcastic, or more lovely than on that night.

Her dress of ruby-colored velvet contrasted strangely with the marble-like whiteness of her face.

The jetty braids of hair were coiled on top of her proudly-poised head, giving an additional air of hauteur to her rather petite figure.

Vincent having been her most devoted slave during the evening, she had taken his arm for a promenade, and together they wandered out on the balcony.

Una was growing almost weary of his earnest honest devotion.

He had told her that he had something particular to say to her to-night, and now she was ready to listen.

"Una," he began in a low, passionate tone.

"I came here to-night to tell you that I love you, and I have loved you from the first moment I saw you.

"Una, darling, won't you love me just a little in return?

"Will you be my own?

He was standing close to her, his face on a level with her own, and she could feel his hot breath on her cheeks.

"I—I am very sorry for you," began Miss Dupree.

"I [illegible]

"Whatever her many faults were, actual [illegible] was not one of them.

"I mean, that I only care for you as a friend.

"Una, you cannot mean it!

"Surely you have not been trifling with me?

"You do not mean to say that you do not love me at all?"

"Yes; I do mean to say that," she replied in cold quiet tones.

His look of amazement changed to one of anguish.

"Una," he pleaded, as a man would plead for his life.

"If you do not love me now, you can learn to love me.

"Only say there is no hope for me, and I will serve for you as Jacob served for Rachel."

"You ask what is impossible," she replied, [illegible]

"I could never learn to love you, and you will forget me in time."

"Is it true what people say of you—that you are incapable of loving?" asked Vincent in a tone of despair.

"Oh, no, Mr. Vincent.

"I have always loved—myself."

[illegible]

And there was a world of despair in those two words.

Yet she continued, in the same chilling, [illegible]

"Mrs. Dupree, you were to relent, [illegible]

"I [illegible]

"I [illegible] to-night, [illegible] and when I [illegible]

"I [illegible]

"I [illegible] her

"I [illegible]

"It is only a delusion that soon passes."

A cynical smile curved her scarlet lips, and Eustace, with a glance of sorrowful reproach, without another word turned and left her.

* * * * * *

One, two, three seasons passed after Una Dupree had sent Eustace Vincent from her crushed and heartbroken, and certain vague twinges of regret had ceased to annoy her.

She never saw Eustace Vincent's contributions in the papers now, and she had only heard an uncertain rumor concerning him [illegible] rumor not altogether pleasant, that would make a cool indifferent person like Una Dupree shudder and grow white to the very lips.

She was still indulging in the usual rounds of fashion and flirtation, white to the very lips.

There was no romance about it.

One an elaborate, French-billed presentation by their mutual friend Mrs. Le Mayne, [illegible] had sought the acquaintance of Miss Dupree, and she—well, she was indifferent.

A new acquaintance would be a change, perhaps.

Then began for Una Dupree that strange [illegible] which comes to the life of every one, sooner or later.

Four weeks after their first meeting Una [illegible] she had always the most an utter [illegible] Una Dupree, the accomplished coquette was in love [illegible]

And why, she could not tell.

No matter how sweetly she sang, how brilliantly she conversed, or how elaborately she was dressed, she never elicited [illegible] from her admirer.

[illegible] he ever spoken about what she wore, when he said abruptly:

"Miss Dupree that ruby star that you are wearing makes me think the eyes of Satan are looking at you from its depths."

And after that Una never wore the ruby star again, for she remembered, with a start, that she had worn that ruby in her hair the night that she had wrecked Eustace Vincent's life.

But Una would not allow herself to think of those past things, for Gerald was coming to-night, and he had something particular to say to her.

So she had taken more pains with her toilet than usual.

Over a robe of black velvet was an overdress of frosted tulle, looped with sprays of jet.

As she surveyed the lovely reflection in the mirror she wondered if Gerald would like it.

When he came he was as unbending as usual, and there was a stern look about his handsome mouth as he regarded her exquisite toilet—a look that did not die out of his eyes until he went up to her suddenly, and, putting both arms around her, began [illegible]

"Una, do you know that I come here to-night to ask you if you love me? Do you love me?"

And Una, only conscious that the man she loved with all her being had his arms round her and was talking to her of love, softly murmured—

"Yes, Gerald. I love you as my very life."

Then the strong arms around her suddenly relaxed, and he pushed her from him.

Una stared in amazement.

"What is it, dear Gerald?

"Don't look so?

"[illegible] tremblingly?" she asked.

"[illegible]

"[illegible] and when I [illegible]

"I [illegible]

"I [illegible] her

"Tell me of Eustace!" she said, a ghastly pallor creeping into her face.

Then Gerald Vane had told the sad story of Eustace Vincent, his half-brother.

After leaving Una he had come to the home of Gerald and told him the story of his ill-starred love, and of Una's loveliness and heartlessness.

He brooded over his fate until his overtasked brain gave way and a [illegible] followed, from which he never fully recovered, for his mind seemed asleep.

"And now," continued Gerald, "I sought you out to repay the wrong you did him.

"I have trifled with you as you trifled with him.

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

ON THE ICE.

BY ARION.

"I SAY boys," called out Phil Annesley one evening at the close of the school, "let's have some fun to-night."

"Agreed!"

"All right!"

"That's the talk!"

"We're in for it!" and similar replies came from the lips of a dozen companions, for who ever knew a boy who didn't want to have a hand in whatever fun was going on?

"What do you propose to do?" asked Charlie Hunt.

"I'll tell you," said Phil, lowering his voice, and looking carefully about to be certain no one besides his schoolmates should hear.

"There's capital skating down on the river.

"Ben Earle was down there all the morning, and he told me at noon that the whole river was a perfect glare of ice.

"I propose that we go skating to-night, and have a right jolly time."

"I'll go with you for one," said Johnny Perkins."

"You may count me in," said Robert Hall, "for I love to skate better than to eat when I am hungry."

"Are you sure the ice is quite safe?" asked Tommy Todd.

He was the smallest boy in the school, and the rest had nicknamed him Commodore.

"Pooh!" said Phil, in a contemptuous tone, "if the Commodore is afraid he'd better not venture out.

"I advise him to stay at home with his sisters if he wishes to be perfectly safe.

"I reckon that ice which is stout enough to bear the weight of such a great fellow as Ben Earle will do for me, and I'm going to try it for one.

"What ails you, Frank Lyon?

"You haven't spoken a word.

"Are you too afraid to venture on the ice?"

"I am not afraid," said Frank, "but I shall not go with you to-night."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Phil, in his taunting way, "not afraid, eh?

"Then why not go with us?"

"Because," replied the other, "I promised my parents I would never go on the river without their permission, and just now they happen to be away from home."

"So much the better," said Phil; "they'd never know it if you went."

"But I should know it, and I had broken my promise," said Frank, "and I could not look my parents in the face when they returned."

"Couldn't you tell them about it?" urged Phil, in a mocking tone.

"Comes, make believe you're sorry, and all that sort of thing!

"I tell you what, boys, it amuses me to get up a scene of that description.

"You didn't think I stop to ask my father's permission when I want to enjoy myself a little?

"Not by a long chalk I don't.

"The old people always go to bed very early, and all I have to do is to pretend to follow their illustrious example, slip out of my chamber window, and go where I please."

Some of the boys applauded loudly at Phil's boasting, as if they considered him a courageous fellow, worthy of all admiration; others looked doubtful, as if hardly prepared to sanction such conduct, but Frank spoke up promptly:

"Phil Annesley, I'm ashamed of you: that's about the meanest trick I ever heard of.

"And to think of your boasting of it, as if you considered it smart to deceive your father and mother."

"Be careful what you say," said Phil, speaking loud and growing red in the face.

"I won't take any sauce from a coward like you, who doesn't dare go on the ice because his papa and mamma are away, and he can't run to them for permission."

"I don't wish to have any words with you," said Frank; "but I must say I think the boy who steals out of the window at night, when his parents think him in bed asleep, is not only cowardly, but downright mean into the bargain."

Phil's face grew redder than ever, and he doubled up his fist in a way that would have been truly alarming to any one who did not know that he was too cowardly to strike a boy of his own size.

"Look here, Frank Lyon!"

"If I have, I mean to stay with you on the spot but it is getting late, and your parents may have returned home before you get there. I'll see the rest of you to-morrow, and say this of all boys alike:

"Whenever you please, was Frank's answer.

"I may be prevented from getting back to-night from your house, though I will do my best to get away, for I know the ice can't be considered safe."

And with these words the group separated each going home for his supper, with the understanding that all except Frank were to meet, later in the evening, at a certain turn in the road, and set out for the river.

There was a brilliant moon, not a speck of a cloud floated across the blue of the sky and the whole earth was covered with a mantle of snow.

Beautiful and silent the world seemed, except when the boys, headed by Phil, made their appearance, and the crisp snow made such an odd creaking noise beneath each footstep.

They didn't mind the cold—not they.

Their hands were kept warm by thick woolen mittens which careful motherly fingers had fashioned, and their throats were well protected by soft wool scarfs, which perhaps a kind sister had crocheted.

Their fur caps were fastened over their ears and beneath their chins; and with his skates buckled together and hung across his shoulder, each sturdy boy felt like defying the chill and frost of many a colder night.

Young blood is warm, and the prospect of the fun awaiting him kept each little fellow in high glee.

Tommy Todd trudged along with the rest his little short limbs making frantic endeavors to keep pace with the larger boys, his little head reaching somewhere near the region of Phil's elbow.

"Hallos!" exclaimed Phil," "here's the Commodore.

"I rather expected you'd back out and conclude to stay with that cowardly Frank Lyon.

"Now then, boys, here's the river.

"Did you ever see the ice in better condition?"

"Capital!" cried Johnny Perkins.

"Splendid!" was Charlie Hunt's verdict.

"Never saw finer skating," was the unanimous opinion of the whole party.

And not much time was lost in buckling on the skates, so that in less than five minutes the whole flock was skimming about like so many birds, making the hills ring with their noisy shouts, until the highlands seemed alive with fairy echoes which were bound upon keeping up a lively conversation with the boisterous crowd on the ice.

The lovely moonlight, the exhilarating motion, the necessity for keeping one's feet going in order to keep them warm, were sufficient to have inspired a feeling of good fellowship in the breast of a misanthrope.

The boys were wild with delight at the success of their frolic.

They played "Tag" until every boy had been caught twice over; then they played "Follow my Leader" until they were tired, and after that some one proposed "Hide and Seek."

The overhanging banks cast deep shadows far over the ice, and now and then a tree leaning downwards made a dusky circle of twilight in which one could hide.

So Phil consented to close his eyes and "blind," as the boys called it, while his companions scattered in all directions and sought different hiding-places.

By-and-by the whistle which had been agreed upon as a signal informed Phil that he was at liberty to commence his search.

So he began a careful examination of all the curves and angles along the shore, every now and then announcing the discovery of one of his friends by dodging into obscurity, catching a boy by the collar, pulling him out into the moonlight, and calling out his name amid loud shouts of laughter.

It was a very nice play, but naturally it couldn't last for ever, and pretty soon all the boys had been found, and—

"No," said Charlie Hunt, "there is Tommy Todd.

"He isn't here."

"Sure enough," cried Phil.

"Where's the little Commodore?

"Let's all go and hunt him up."

And with that they gave chase full tilt at Phil, shouting, laughing, and shouting.

"Tommy! Commodore! come out of this and we'll acknowledge ourselves beaten. You're such a little fellow, you can hide in a spot in which we wouldn't think of looking.

"Hallos! I say, Commodore!

"Don't stop there any longer, or you'll freeze.

"Tommy! Tommy Todd!"

Thus shouting and calling, Phil started on, the rest of the boys following, and helping to keep up the din with joking admonitions to Tommy, whom they expected to see every minute, darting around some curve, making himself particularly merry because he had hidden himself so securely.

On they flew, but no Tommy darted out to meet them, and now, somewhat sobered by the little fellow's disappearance, they paused to wonder.

Hark! what sound is that?

Such a piercing agonized scream, as of some one in mortal peril.

There it is again, and again!

"Help! oh! help!"

Just below, a little to the right, the sound seemed to proceed from some one who has broken through the ice, who is in the water—who is in danger of drowning.

The boys huddled together, frightened, trembling, heedless that the ice is thin and that too much weight within a certain limit may break it.

Again the cry for help, and at the same instant a frightful cracking beneath their feet warns them to scatter.

A simultaneous rush is made for the shore and Johnny Perkins whispers loud enough for all to hear:

"It's Tommy Todd who is in there below, and it's no fault of our own."

A threatening shout is hurled upon the boys.

All looked at Phil.

"You needn't think I'm going to drown myself trying to get him out."

And the heartless fellow commenced to unstrap his skates.

Some of the boys followed his example; the rest hesitated, not knowing what to do."

"Help—help! oh, help!" again entreated the voice.

It was enough to freeze one's blood to listen to it.

The boys seemed paralyzed.

But here comes some one down the road, running at the very top of his speed.

You can hear the rapid tread of flying feet which scarce seem to touch the snowy track.

A moment more and the hurrying figure is beside the group of terror-stricken boys.

It is Frank Lyon, and he speaks and acts like a person with all his senses on the alert.

"One of you boys lend me a pair of skates.

"Some one get me a board off that fence. No sooner said than done.

The skates were fastened, and with a light board in his hand Frank started.

Two or three of the rest, shamed into doing something followed at a respectful distance but Phil Annesley was not one of them.

He could bluster and talk largely, but when the time came for action he shrank back.

"Keep up your courage, Tommy!" shouted Frank he neared the spot from whence the voice proceeded.

"I'll help you out!

"Don't be afraid!

"There, catch hold of this board and I'll pull you right out!"

"Oh dear! sobbed Tommy, "I can't, for my mittens are frozen fast to the ice, and my fingers are numbed, and I'm sure my feet are frozen, for I can't feel that I've got any."

"Hold on a moment longer," urged Frank, "and I think I can manage to pull you out."

So he unwound from his neck his long scarf, and Tommy with a last effort released his left hand.

Then as Frank crept closer Tommy seized the scarf, and his friend pulled with all his might.

Once the ice broke where it was thin, at the edge of the air hole into which the boy had slipped, but Frank only redoubled his exertions and Tommy was rescued from his perilous situation.

Two of the others had come up, and were assisting to carry him, for he was so benumbed he found it impossible to walk a step.

They bore him to the nearest house, and all night long he endured the most excruciating pain from his frost-bitten feet and hands.

Frank Lyon stayed beside him, and it was a rare sight to see little Tommy's gratitude to the friend who had so courageously risked his own life to save him.

"How lucky it was that I chanced to run down to the post-office just at that minute!" said Frank.

"I heard your first cry for help as I closed the gate and turned toward the river.

"It didn't take me long to race down that hill, for I knew your voice.

"I was afraid I should be too late, but thank Heaven, here you are, safe and sound, only a little the worse for a few touches from old Jack Frost."

"Oh," said Tommy, his eyes full of grateful tears, "you are a good brave fellow, and if Phil Annesley ever calls you coward again, I'll feel just like knocking him down."

But Phil didn't see fit to apply the opprobrious term to Tommy's heroic rescuer again, and it was probably as well that he dropped the subject, for after this night's occurrence, it didn't take more than half an eye to tell which was the coward.

I wish I could say a good word for Phil before I leave him, but truth compels me to state that he suddenly ended his career in his native village by running away to sea, after some disagreeable action, and nearly breaking the hearts of his parents, and all the neighbors said that was "just what they had expected" of such a disobedient reckless boy."

THE LAW OF THE NAPKIN.—The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied refolding of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the meats were served on the bone, and the great Queen helped herself to the contents of the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing by to hold her bowl, silver ewer to bathe her fingers in, and the flesh had been torn from the roasts. The great critic, Sainte Beuve, was degraded and left off the visiting list because, at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress, at the Tuileries, he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his two knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far that few can know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open—which, unless he is in love, he can do—and note what others do.

Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE Eagle Tavern, Grecian Theatre, and grounds, Shepherdess walk, City Road, London, property hitherto comprehensively called "The Bird"—have passed under the entirely new management of the Salvation Army.

The Eagle has an interesting history, for with its new ownership has passed away the last of the pleasure and dancing grounds that were once studded around London, Vauxhall, Highbury Barn, and Cremorne Gardens having long ago in turn been handed over to the operations of the builder.

The exterior of the Eagle Tavern, henceforth to be known as the Salvation Army Hotel, has been painted a light stone color from the top to the bottom, the king of birds which surmounts the edifice wearing a bright yellow hue and red wings.

In the interior some structural alterations have been made, and the whole place has been thoroughly cleansed and redecorated.

Excellent sleeping accommodation is here provided for over seventy persons, and facilities are afforded for supplying hundreds at once with proper refreshment. This may be construed to mean refreshments that are not intoxicating, a decision in chancery only requiring the Army to retain the license of the tavern and leaving them free to do as they like with the premises provided the license is kept.

The hotel contains a banqueting hall capable of accommodating 600 persons.

The new Grecian Theatre has been lighted from the roof for day services, while there are star and other brilliant gaslights for use at night.

Lately a special dedication service was held in the new theatre, which was crowded to overflowing by an enthusiastically demonstrative audience.

The stage was filled with officers and soldiers of the Army attired in their uniforms.

A brass band, under the conductorship of Mr. Herbert Booth, accompanied the songs of the Army, which were sung with characteristic vigor and heartiness.

Besides brass instruments, all diversities of stringed and other instruments served to swell the volume of sound.

There were cymbals, tambourines, concertinas, and "bones."

The praise was also accompanied ever and anon by the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, while the prayers offered and speeches made evoked frequent fervent ejaculations of "Hallelujah" and "Amen." Prayers were offered by the General, Major Howard, the Rev. Mr. Moore, and Mrs. Col. Pepper, the last named invoking a blessing on "the raging mob outside."

The Misses Booth sweetly sang a "consecration song."

The chorus of this was sung by the audience with great vigor and, at the suggestion of the General, they varied the verse by singing "The Eagle is mine."

After this they "fired a volley"—*i. e.*, cried lustily, "Amen."

The General, replying to criticisms upon himself, said he would give a magnificent percentage to any one who could prove that he was making large sums of money out of the Army.

The whole of the property of the Army was registered as belonging to the Army, and he had no power whatever to personally appropriate it or any part of it.

Among the incidents of the meeting was the spirited rendering of a song by Major Smith—the London Major—descriptive of the Army as "The Lord's Brigade," with the motto, "Blood and Fire."

The vocalist, who had been an acrobat, jumped as he sang.

And old woman named Jane Johnson, who had appeared 400 times before the magistrates for drunkeness, was introduced by the General as one of the converts.

He announced the safe arrival of Major Tucker and the Indian detachment at Bombay.

Mrs. Booth, during the course of some remarks, stated that in one procession of the Army which she recently witnessed there were no fewer than 400 reclaimed drunkards.

Burglars, housebreakers, robbers of all kinds, and wife beaters were to be counted in the ranks of the Army.

All the criticisms and all the lies the demon could invent would not be able to stop the progress of the Army.

COOKED OR STEAMED.—The feeding value of cooked or steamed potatoes seems to be somewhat greater than raw, or at least their action is less debilitating. It is stated by some authorities that cows fed on cooked or steamed potatoes yield richer milk than those fed on raw ones, though the quantity of milk is smaller. Potatoes should not be fed alone, but mixed with other fodder containing more albuminoids. Though potatoes are rich in potash and contain considerable phosphoric acid, yet they are deficient in soda and lime, hence this latter substance should be supplied in feeding milch cows, but more especially in the feeding of young and growing stock, where a proper proportion of lime is absolutely necessary for the fullest development of the bony structures.

***"Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself." The thanks of invalids the world over are being showered on the inventor of Kidney-Wort, for it is giving health to all. Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it.

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dress ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn—
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travel'd on
At the same industrious pace:
But a sudden blast of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow;
Her wings were chill'd, and her feet were cold,
And she wish'd for the ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride;
And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

SINGULAR DELUSIONS.

IN Heywood's "History of Angels" we find the following strage story: "A young hypochondriac had a strong imagination that he was dead, and did not only abstain from meat and drink, but importuned his parents that he might be carried to his grave, and buried before his flesh was quite putrefied. By the counsel of physicians, he was wrapped in a winding-sheet, laid on a bier, and so carried on men's shoulders towards the church. On the way two or three pleasant fellows, hired for the purpose, meeting the procession, inquired whose body it was. Being told his name, 'Surely,' replied one, "the world is well rid of him; he was a man of a very bad and a vicious life; and his friends have cause to rejoice that he hath ended his days thus, rather than at the gallows!' Thereupon the would-be dead man rose on his bier, and told them they were wicked men to do him that wrong; and if he were alive again he would teach them to speak better of the dead. But they proceeding to defame him, and to give him much more disgraceful, contemptuous language, he, not able to suffer it, leaped from the bier, and fell about their ears with such rage and fury that he ceased not buffeting them until quite wearied; and by the violent agitation of the humors, his body being altered, he returned to his right mind; and being brought home and refreshed with wholesome diet, within a few days recovered both his health and understanding."

In Hone's "Year Book" we read of a farmer who died in 1721, but was not buried until 1751, thirty years afterwards. This delay in the interment arose from a singular delusion under which the farmer in the latter years of his life had labored. In making his will he bequeathed his estate to his two brothers, and if they should die, to his nephew, to be enjoyed by them for thirty years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to revert to him. He ordered, therefore, that after his death, and with a view to his re-appearance at the end of the thirty years, his coffin should not be put in the earth, but affixed on a beam in his barn, locked, and the key dropped through a hole into the coffin, that he might unlock it and let himself out. He was allowed four days grace beyond the time specified, and still refusing to present himself, his remains were committed to mother earth.

Not very long since there died in Paris a man named Viory, notable for stopping and talking to every dog he met in the streets; not out of an irrepressible affection for the friend of man, but as an act of condescension towards a subject. Sane enough to all appearance, Viory claimed to be the monarch of the canine race, by reason of having been a dog himself in a former state of existence.

Reversing the process of transformation, a patient in a lunatic asylum in this country insisted upon it that he had been changed to a horse, made himself a tail out of the frayed ends of a rope, donned harness, and attached himself to a wagon made out of an old soap-box, and busied himself in dragging it about all day. He then carefully locked it up with the vehicles of the establishment at night, and galloped off to a field, like a horse released from his labors. Like a steed of high-mettle, he never passed a wheelbarrow without shying at it.

A still more extraordinary freak of the imagination was shown by a Frenchman, mad for the loss of his beloved wife. He was found in a large flower-pot, intent upon refreshing himself with the contents of a watering-pot, and informed his astonished friends that his wife had carried away a portion of his soul, leaving him only sufficient for a plant; he had consequently been transformed into a cypress, as they saw; and all he had to ask them was to lose no time in transplanting him into the cemetery grounds.

Not a few would-be sons-in-law of the Queen of England have had to be contented with appearing in court instead of at court; a fate that befell an aspirant for Her Majesty's own hand. In a case tried at Chicago, it was shown that James Love, of that city, was under the belief that Queen Victoria, with the Emperor Napoleon and his consort Eugenie, visited Chicago after the great fire there, and took up their quarters at the boarding-house in which Love was living. Seeing the Queen of England daily, he grew to adore her; and she in return worshipped him. Mr. Disraeli favored the match, and the English people approved it.

Grains of Gold.

Haste very often trips up its own heels.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Preserve your temper under all circumstances.

Make much of to-day, for to-morrow may deceive.

No matter what you were; look to what you are.

Pride is a flower that grows in the devil's gardens.

More are drowned in the wine cup than in the ocean.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.

Men often blush to hear of what they were not ashamed to act.

The greatest tempest of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth.

Imaginary evils soon become real by indulging our reflections on them.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

Purchase not friends by gifts; for when you cease to give, they will cease to love.

We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

He permits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

It is enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind and good affections of the heart.

Pity the man who censures what he has not the ability to perform, or even the courage to attempt.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others, a species of prodigality, by the way, for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.

The man who enslaves himself to his money is proclaimed in our very language to be a miser, or a miserable man.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

The more an idea is developed the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better the fruit.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes, we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with h—which is only a breath: heart, hope, home, happiness and heaven.

If we could get together all the tombstones we have set up over broken resolutions we should have material enough to set up a marble palace.

The man who worships the fortune he has made, is no more intelligent than the heathen who prays to the little wooden god he has whittled into shape.

The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer whom he catches without any reward.

This is from the Latin, and ought to be remembered: "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald: if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners; without some of these three defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor, is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and carries away his corn.

Femininities.

Eve was the lady who set the fashion of gathering autumn leaves.

It is the young girl of engaging manners who naturally becomes engaged first.

If it wasn't for the belles, a good many people would miss being church members.

A girl who weds a wealthy man who ill-treats her, can be said to be most richedly married.

Men may say of marriage and women what they please; they will neither renounce the one nor the other.

Judges at baby-shows in Kentucky wear masks. It saves unpleasantness after the prizes have been awarded.

Women's heads are like safes; you can't tell how much they have in them by the number of locks they have on.

No matter how loose an engagement ring may be, the diamond never slips around on the inside of a lady's finger.

Benjamin West said that a kiss from his mother made him a painter. Kissing a young lady's cheek often made a young man a painter.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Pope knew better than to say "woman." Woman is too deep a study for anybody to undertake.

An English lady in putting coals on the fire in a sick room where the patient is asleep, has paper bags full of the coals, which are noiselessly handled.

Three thousand dollars had been spent to educate her in music, Latin, French and drawing, and yet she wrote, "Send six yards of played goods by bearer."

At the altar she vowed to cling to him, and he says she keeps her word, but it is generally to his hair that she clings with all the tenacity of a fond heart.

The soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood falls.

When Ben Jonson said, "A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careful about her house," uttered a libel on every pretty housekeeper.

There are now about two hundred and fifty ordained ministers laboring as missionaries in China, and more than sixty single ladies, besides the married, laboring among the women.

Talmage, the Brooklyn preacher, in the course of a recent sermon, told his congregation that "there are many husbands who are successful only because there is a woman of brains at home."

"It seems to me your love for me is getting cold of late." "Well," answered her husband, "you see things last a great deal longer cold; if love was always warm, it would be far more apt to spoil."

"The utmost simplicity prevails in wedding toilets," says a fashion item. This is right and proper. It is not only cheaper, but it makes the drop from the parlor to the washtub somewhat less painful.

One of the sweetest-looking girls in the State of Missouri dislocated her shoulder the other day by sticking at a cat. Handsome is that handsome does, but really she shouldn't stick with her right arm.

A little boy, seeing the clergyman coming ran into the house to tell his mother. When he came out the clergyman asked him if his mother was at home. "No sir, she's out." "Please tell her I called." "I did tell her," said the boy.

"Romancer"—How shall you know whether a young lady and gentleman of your acquaintance are really engaged, even if they deny the charge? Easy enough. Just notice if he smokes a cigar when walking with her on the street. If he does, it's all fixed.

A lady, who has grown very weary of hearing her sex maligned for the length of time it takes a pair of female friends to take leave of each other, says that when her husband meets an old friend down town he don't leave him at all—stays out all night with him.

"Charley, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer of a little urchin five years old. "'Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day." It was an embarrassing disclosure all around. At least Charley thought so after the visitor had gone.

A little girl three years old wanted her mother, who was down in the parlor entertaining callers. Going to the head of the stairs she called loudly, stamping her foot as she did so: "Mamma, mamma, turn right here this very minute! Don't let me have to speak to oo again, miss!"

Cashmere—or, as they are wrongly called, camel's hair, shawls come in pairs, because the Indian princes and grandees cannot endure to have any of the wrong side show. They therefore wear two shawls, basted together, so that whichever way they may be turned, only the right side appears.

"George, do you love me?" "I did—you know how fondly—but——" "Oh, George, how can you say 'but!' What has changed you?" "Well, Clara, I have a prejudice—a—a—what under the sun were you caressing that dog for?" "Why, George, how very unjust to poor Fido. He's only a friend."

The following is from a female contributor: "Talk about female curiosity; it's all one-sided. Let one man stop in the street to spell out a sign on the top of a building, and every mother's son that goes by will stand still and stare for ten minutes, trying very hard to make out what the first idiot is looking at."

A young man has just been married. On the evening of the happy day he observes the bride carefully restoring her bouquet of orange blossoms within a globe of glass prepared for the purpose. Much surprised, he inquires the reason. She, with a sweet smile, replies: "Why, it may do for another time."

News Notes.

Plush shoulder capes are a favorite fall wrap.

Collars and cuffs of ficelle lace are in fashion.

Bonnets are worn tip tilted far over the forehead.

Roman striped silks are used for full dress occasions.

Langtry bonnets, gloves and slippers will be the rage.

The newest material for wedding dresses is repped satin.

Gilt and amber beads border new French hats and bonnets.

A Chicago person forged an order for a trunk to make a wedding tour with.

For celery there is a new cut glass dish in the shape of a lily mounted on a silver stand.

"Ragged edge" note paper is said to be one of the latest fancies in New York society.

The cobweb style of penmanship among young women is declared no longer fashionable.

There are already in England thirty electric lighting companies with a capital of $30,000,000.

It is stated that the same series of text books cannot be found in any two counties in California.

A shower of small pebbles, continuing for about fifteen minutes, fell in Wataska, Ill., recently.

There are now living in the United States 231 persons who were born at sea under the stars and stripes.

St. Louis is to be supplied with water gas for fuel purposes. The laying of pipes is progressing rapidly.

Ottowa boasts of a venerable couple named Macdonald, the husband being 100, and the wife 102.

Something like four thousand Mormon immigrants have arrived in this country during the past year.

Suicide is said to be increasing in Prussia, the figures having risen from 13 per 100,000 population in 1869 to 18 in 1880.

A young Virginian has invented a machine called the "lung destroyer." It turns out 150 cigarettes a minute.

A Nebraska savings bank has opened a children's department, in which a deposit as small as one cent can be made.

An Indiana State Prison convict says that his downward course began by trying to beat 2.40 with a three-minute horse.

In the universities of Berlin, Breslau and Bonn there will be a six-months' course of lectures for higher railway officials.

The explosion of a kerosene lamp at Plymouth, Me., consumed a woman's dress, in the pocket of which was $1,200 in paper money.

A steam tricycle, enabling the rider to travel at from fifteen to twenty miles an hour with very little labor, has been invented by a Frenchman.

In Paris diamond spiders are worn across the bodices of demi-toilette from the left shoulder to the right, where there is a ruby and diamond fly brooch.

The American Antiquarian says a fragment has been discovered at Rome of the shield of Achilles, bearing not only the sculptures but a portion of the text of Homer.

The cost of the French squadron of evolution in the Mediterranean is estimated at $20,000,000. The pay of the officers and crew is $4,000 a day. And this is in profound peace.

Mrs. Catharine Scales is known in St. Louis as the "mother of public schools." She has taught steadily for 35 years, and estimates that her pupils have numbered about 20,000.

In the seasons of 1881-2 over 8,000,000 trees were planted in Great Britain, out of which number Scotland claims 3,000,000, England 400,000, Ireland 300,000, and Wales the balance.

The comet has brought thousands of North Carolina negro sinners to repentance. They regard it as a forerunner of the world's end, and are making their preparations accordingly.

The laws of Colorado forbid the marriage of men under 21 years of age, and of girls under 18, but a young couple of 19 and 17 have just run away from Greeley to Denver, and got married in spite of the restraining statute.

The verdict of the coroner's jury at Tunbridge Wells, on the death of a child, was: "The child was suffocated, but there was no evidence to show whether the suffocation was before or after death."

Where do the red and speckled ears of corn come from when white corn alone is planted? Why don't we ever find an ear with an odd number of rows? You can find a four-leaf clover, but never the odd row on an ear of corn. They always have fourteen, sixteen, twenty, or some other even numbers. What objection has nature to odd numbers?

The people of Des Moines, Ia., were much amused recently by seeing two prominent, full-grown citizens walking through the main streets side by side (not arm in arm, for that was not practicable.) One man is six feet ten inches in height, the other four feet ten inches. The former has the honor of being the most prominent gentleman in the city.

BY RACKING YOUR LUNGS WITH A COUGH, you may irritate them into a condition ripe for the production of tubercles, and then, instead of a curable affection, you will have to deal with Consumption. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant promptly cures all Coughs and Colds, and by imparting vigor to the respiratory organs, enables them to freely throw off all obstructions engendered by neglected Colds, and heals all sore or inflamed parts.

New Publications.

"The Jolly Rover," by J. T. Trowbridge, Illustrated. The announcement of a new story by Mr. Trowbridge ought always to be welcomed with as much satisfaction by parents as it is by all young people. As a story-teller he stands among the foremost American writers for the young. In his last book just published by Lee & Shepard, entitled "The Jolly Rover," he aims to portray the false ideas and misconduct that are promoted in youth by the reading of the pernicious literature of our time. The hero is a boy, well-born and carefully reared, who has got the notion that he must see the world and do something heroic; indeed, he aims to become a sort of "Dime Novel" hero, and with that intention runs away from home. A number of illustrations lend attraction to the story, which is the last, and perhaps the most fascinating, of the "Silver Medal Series." Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.25.

The interest aroused last season by the publication of Mr. Greey's "Young Americans in Japan" will receive a fresh impulse this year by the appearance of a new volume by the same author, entitled, "The Wonderful City of Yoko," just published by Lee & Shepard. In the attractiveness of its matter and illustrations, it is even better than the earlier book, of which it is a companion as regards shape, size, and external appearance. Mr. Greey was long a resident in Japan, and by personal contact with all classes of its people was enabled to gain information at first hand. But the author never loses sight of the fact that he is writing for young people, and therefore surrounds his American heroes and heroines with scenes and customs that are out of the commonplace and are to a certain extent curious and strange. The illustrations most of them by a Japanese artist, are singularly unique and intensely graphic, and impart something of a new life to the text. As a whole, the book belongs to the highest order of juvenile literature, and happily blends with the pleasure that amount of profit which most parents are desirous of affording ambitious youth.

"Wild Flowers, and Where They Grow," by Amanda B. Harris, with sixty illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey. This delightful volume is a companion to the author's last year's book, "How We Went Bird's-nesting," and, if anything, is more attractive. Nothing could be more beautiful as a holiday book. It is a book in which all lovers of nature, old and young, will rejoice—full of life and brightness, breathing of the fields and meadows, and wholesome with the feeling of outdoors. Miss Harris has a fascinating style, and writes from a very love of the subject. Next to real rambles in the country wood and field paths, is the reading her descriptions of them. They have all the freshness of the dew and wind, and will vividly bring back to dwellers in the city the memories of childhood's days in the country. The illustrations represent the best work of Miss Humphrey, and higher praise than that could scarcely be given. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale by Porkinpine & Higgins, 914 Arch street, Philadelphia. Price, $3.00.

"Six Girls," a home story, illustrated by Fannie Belle Irving, is a quiet, well-told, and thoroughly interesting story, about girls and for girls. The sentiment is pure and healthful, and the style is winning. It has more humor than pathos, more joy than sorrow, more wholesome, living philosophy than splendid logic or fine-spun phraseology; and more nature than art. At a time when so many trashy and sickly sentimental novels are afloat, it becomes a pleasure to recommend such a novelette as this, whose sentiment is pure and sweet, and its influence good. It is a safe book and a good one for the mother to place in her daughter's hand. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

One of the most popular series of boys books ever issued is the "Young Trail Hunters' Series," and this is now completed by the issue of "The Young Silver Seekers; or, Ned and Hal in the Marvellous Country." The story is just as full of life as it can be, the adventures of the most exciting kind following each other in crowded succession. The only fault it has, if fault it is, is a possible tendency to keep the boy who begins it too long out of bed to finish it. It is illustrated and neatly printed and bound. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $1.00.

"Quintus Claudius; a Romance of Imperial Rome," by Ernst Eckstein—from the German by Clara Bell—is a work well calculated to please those who are not averse to a little solidity in the form of a novel. It has all the charm of the most exciting story with the value and lessons of history. A commendable feature is the explanation of many important personages and events referred to in the text by means of foot-notes. We think it a work of literary art that will secure its just meed of appreciation. W. S. Gottsberger, Publisher, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. In two volumes; price, in cloth, $1.75.

"Footlight Flashes" is a collection of amateur plays, etc., by Mrs. Charles F. Fernald. They comprise school operas, charades, home plays, and general entertainment for home and school. Great care has been taken to make them pure and entertaining. For the particular purpose for which they are intended they can be highly commended. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. Price, 30 cents.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 20, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Oquawka, Ill., August 39, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

B. R. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Clinton, Ia., August 80, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours reads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. B.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. F. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Humorous.

You would imagine that some men who try to air their Scripture, got all their knowledge from studying the fly-leaves of the Bible.

The man who gave away all his money had "too much action of the heart," as the doctors say. But it is not a very common complaint.

A Camden man bought a Roman candle, and lighted it to go to bed with. He says he'll bet he'll thrash the man that loaded it, if he can find him out.

An Illinois deacon, while visiting in this city, was asked if he had purchased any Christmas cards, and replied, with some surprise: "Why should I? my old pack is good enough."

A polite notice in an East Saginaw sawmill reads: "Please do not handle the buzz-saw while in motion." "Hands off!" would be more concise, and quite as appropriate.

A medical man once told Voltaire that he had made one of his characters live too long after receiving a certain wound. "True," replied the wit, "but you must recollect he was not attended by a physician."

Scientific men can tell us within a few million years the age of the earth, astronomers have weighed the sun, but the man isn't born yet who can tell why a tailor will charge as much for a suit for a little man as for a big one.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGANS are certainly best, having been so decreed at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American Organs having been found equal to any. Also Cheapest. Style 100, 3¼ octaves, sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular, sacred, and secular music in schools or families, at only $22. One Hundred other styles at $35, $37, $50, $72, $78, $95, $108, $114 to $900 and up. The larger styles are wholly unrivalled by any other organs. Also for easy payments. New illustrated catalogue free.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.
154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 E. 14th St., (Union Square,) New York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acids, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

C. G. A. LODER, Apothecary,
1539 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

An Unfailing Remedy for PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.

Victims of this distressing complaint shall find even temporary relief is a great boon, and we claim that this has resulted in every trial of the Barlett Suppository, and reports are constantly received full of grateful expressions from those who have been permanently cured. It is a small medicated cone, applied directly to the affected parts, without the slightest danger or inconvenience attending its use. "THE OLD DOCTOR'S LEGACY," a pamphlet describing the disease, treatment, and result, will be sent by mail to any one requesting it.

Boxes of 14 Suppositories, $1.00; or trial size of five for 30 cents. Can be sent by mail.

If not kept by neighboring druggists, address

BARLETT MANUFACTURING CO.,
815 Filbert St., PHILADELPHIA.

Consumption and Diseases of the Throat and Lungs effectually cured by Baker's Cod Liver Oil. Sold by all druggists.

30 Gilt Edge Cards, with name and elegant case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

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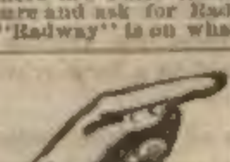

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☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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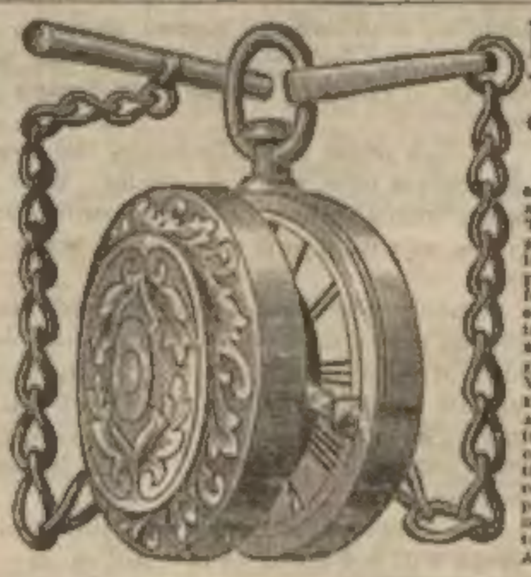

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GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.** OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced prices. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83. P. POWELL & SON, 835 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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$1 .65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Case, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST. DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

Cards Send two 3ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for Fall and Winter.

RUBBER NAME STAMP, with business and address complete $1.50 by mail on receipt of price. Copper Linen Marker, $1.00; Rubber, 60c., with indelible ink. J. Goddsborough, 729 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. DAVIS, Box 2, Reading, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE have been some beautiful novelties brought out this season that deserve more than a mere mention.

Most of the new designs are not only too costly to be made up into whole dresses, but are not suitable for every part of a costume.

They must be seen in their entirety to fully appreciate their beauty; therefore they are used for the plaited or Watteau train, for the plain fronts or for a strip across the front in the same way that the Turkish embroidery is used.

The groundwork of these designs has a twill, and is very soft and thick genuine satin surah or Rhadames.

Upon this fabric, rich and lovely in itself, feathers and flowers in satin brocho are apparently thrown with a splendor of color and shading that must be seen to be appreciated.

Forms are traced with the utmost fidelity but colors are chosen to produce fanciful effects, without any reference to nature.

The coloring is wonderful.

All the shades of pale yellow and amber, upon cream and ivory with darker hues, and large satin roses flushed with red, shading off into the most delicate pink.

The designing of the magnificent fabrics must be the work of an artist.

The brocho velvets do not show the varied effects so much as they show what can be done with shade and light.

The raised figures are usually in darker shades of the ground color, which is not velvet but satin surah.

Part of the design—the leaves, for instance, and part of the flowers—will seem to be in shadow, while the light will apparently strike through another part with wonderful effect.

These fabrics are used in conjunction with plain velvet for the entire front of a dress skirt.

They are sometimes accompanied by a bordering for the sleeves and bodice, but only in the secondary style.

The richest fabrics are used in the smallest quantities, and the bodice need have nothing save the large lace collar and cuffs.

But the most expensive novelty of all consists of an application of bronze leather to the fine cloth.

It is applied in robe designs, and also for the fronts of skirts, with outlines beautifully executed in silk and small gold beads.

The effect is novel and striking.

The color of the leather always matches as nearly as can be the cloth to which it is applied.

The brocho effects are the novelty in self-colors upon cloth and all woolen fabrics. And they are used in the same way to form the entire fronts of costumes.

Worth repeats the short mantles that he introduced last year, declaring that the rich costumes must not be concealed by long cloaks.

The newest shape for these has a talma back, which is a cape that reaches just below the waist line, and has one seam down the middle; the seam stops at the top of the arm, and curves over to the front of this cape, where it extends down under the arm in dolman shape.

Indeed, this dolman resemblance is sometimes further given by a slight point on each side.

These are made of the brocaded or plain stuff used for the skirt of the costume, and require a thick ruche-like border of fur or of feathers.

There are also other short mantles of dark color, to be worn with any dress, known as Worth mantles, that are made with great bishop sleeves of plain velvet, while the short back and the longer mantilla fronts are of losange or feather brocaded velvet on an ottoman repped ground, and these are trimmed with full ruches of chenille, or of fur, or of Spanish lace.

The figured velvets used for the back must have the figures perfectly matched in these garments, also when they are used for the back of basques, and modistes now point out with pride the varied and artistic ways in which this matching is done.

The long cloaks that are designed to envelop the wearer are now given a new touch by being made to tip up shorter behind than in front, as if drawn upward by the very bouffant drapery beneath.

Long straight redingotes are stylish for slender figures; stout ladies require draped overskirts, and this drapery must be made with reference to such wearer, through low draperies are generally becoming.

The visite, with large open sleeves, is one of the most elegant cloaks of the season.

It is made of repped silk, strewn with large brocaded plush feathers, flowers or balls, and is trimmed with a ruche of marabout feathers or chenille.

Gros d'Afrique, one of the most fashionable fabrics of the winter, was very generally worn a generation ago, but the new colors in which it now appears do not harmonize with that of dresses that have been preserved as heirlooms.

Chasseur jackets, with box plaits down the front and back, are worn with cloth costumes.

Basket braid is set on the edges of the plaits in corkscrew designs and wider braids trim the skirts.

Rifle-green cloth is the fashionable color for such dresses.

Strawberry red velvet and embroidered white repped silk are combined in one of the most elaborate dresses yet prepared for dinners, the opera, etc.

The pointed bodice and train are of velvet with a stomacher and underdress of silk wrought with beads that look like jewels.

Matelasse silks are revived for winter dresses where they most often appear as pelisses.

The new designs have very large figures, and are puffed out as if padded.

Cords and tassels of satin and jet are used with cocks'-feather borders, or fur bands trim matelasse garments.

For traveling, shopping and generally useful costumes the tailor-made cloth suits find most favor, and this favor promises to last, as these dresses are worn two seasons without requiring change.

Nut brown and myrtle green tricot cloth and rough finished English cloths of small, dark checks and blocks are the materials used.

Birds are cunningly poised on a bunch of rosebuds on the bonnet tops as if lured there by them.

A large bird with the head thrust upward in full relief is on severely plain bonnets, and its tall feathers are made to curl around the crown.

Breast feathers of yellow-green shades form the entire brim of a bonnet with pale velvet crown.

A charming finish for the neck of dresses consists of a bias velvet band of either red or blue, with one end lapped over on the left side and fastened at the throat by a buckle of silvered bronze or of beaten silver.

Plaited white lace falls below the buckle as a cravat bow, and the whole may be worn with a military collar of embroidered linen, or with a puff or veil of crepe de lisse.

Among novelties, bright-colored blocks are set cornerwise on a dark ground; plaids, also, of faded, indistinct colors; threads of yellow or gold are often so interwoven that they give a bronze effect; wide stripes of dark colors are alternated with indistinct checks.

The subject is almost illimitable, but our space will not allow us to follow it any further.

For trimmings we can only say the furor for soutache or military braid, both for dresses and outside garments, does not, in the least, interfere with embroideries or laces, as they are used for different occasions.

Separate ornaments of braid are in great demand, especially for jackets and all outside garments.

Bonnets are just changed enough to say they are not exactly last winter's.

They are both large and small, and the same may be said of hats.

Fireside Chat.

CONCERNING THE TABLE.

FASHIONABLE dinner tables are lighted by candelabra on either side of the centre piece, or occasionaly by a central cluster of branch lights, which surmount a pair of vases, all springing from the same base.

Usually the foundation is a mirror, and the support the figure of a child or mythological subject.

Glasses for wines should indicate by shape or color the kind for which they are intended.

Thus, a red glass is suitable for white wine, green for various kinds of Rhine wine, while white of small size signifies sherry.

Claret glasses are larger than port glasses, while those for champagne are thin in the stem and of wide brim.

Much amusement is derived at some popular dinners from the cards which indicate the seats of guests.

They are of endless variety, are often printed expressly to order and contain witty allusions or satirical pictures.

The newest are mounted upon ribbons of bright colors, about three inches wide, which are fringed out at the edges, and upon the centre of which a painting is either executed upon the material itself or upon tinted card.

For a recent farewell bachelor dinner, on the eve of a wedding, such cards, made expressly to order, each one being reserved for a special guest as a memento of the occasion, cost $3 a piece.

For hunting-dinners floral decorations assume characteristic shapes, and a rabbit, hare or game of some kind appears in emblematic form upon the table.

Beautiful little baskets are now in fashion as liqueur stands.

Each contains four bottles, while around the edges of the basket are twelve little hooks, from which depend small square-shaped glasses.

Usually bottles and stoppers are of different colors, while the little glasses correspond by having handles unlike the body of the glass.

Brandy and bitters are served in fashionable quarters upon a little tray or exquisite Bohemian glass.

The set consists of large and small bottles sugar bowl and two or three tumblers.

Coffee is presented to guests after dinner in the reception-room upon a revolving tray.

In this, the latest style, a little urn is in the centre, from which the coffee is to be poured, and the sets imported, are provided with six, eight or twelve cups, cream jug, milk pitcher and sugar bowl.

Upon the same principle 12 o'clock breakfast and 4 o'clock tea are served in boudoirs upon revolving tables.

Sets of china are made which serve either purpose, being provided with toast-rack and muffin dish for use in the morning, while if intended for afternoon tea these articles are removed.

The tables for these sets are in Queen Anne style and the muffin dish fit into a round hole beneath the tea tray.

Such sets of china comprise the requisite number of cups, a tea-pot, a tea-kettle (both in china), cream jug, milk pitcher and sugar bowl.

By their use the attendance of a servant is dispensed with.

Universally popular in the best society in England, they are becoming somewhat general here.

Novel napkin rings are made of flowers, wired into shape and placed upon the serviette. Although they serve no useful purpose they are ornamental.

The newest ice cream plates are of Bohemian glass with little handles.

The shape is something between an oval and a square.

Others are in china, cream-colored ground with gilt edges, in shape like a full-sized grape leaf.

Single vases for each guest are no longer so popular as they were for dinner tables. The more fashionable style to-day is a central globe either of deeply cut crystal or of Bohemian glass, which rests upon a polished mirror.

Some of these globes are mounted upon deep crystal trays, thus providing a second receptacle for the flowers.

Four corner pieces are sold with the globes, either for a continuous design around the centre or for the ends of the table.

In spite of the attempt to introduce color into the table cloth, preference in the highest circles is still given to fine white damask, but occasionally the cloths are trimmed with lace edging.

Exquisite dessert plates are in the richest Dresden china, with deep-toned centres and open-worked edges.

The designs are so beautiful that doylies are not used with them.

Very pretty pieces of glass are now in the leading stores for "odd" pieces on a dinner table.

They are in Sevres glass, amber or blue in color, and are enameled in raised designs or gilt in relief.

The shapes are specially novel and attractive.

For gentlemen's dinner parties menu cards painted by hand are in vogue, representing some very realistic part of the preparations for the entertainment.

Upon one the cook in cap and apron is tossing a pancake, on another the butler has just drawn the cork, and so on through the series.

For ordinary dinners menu cards are upon tinted bristol board, and the newest style is to have a vignette on one corner, date and place of entertainment occupying the other.

This is on single cards, but those referred to above are double, and are intended to be laid opposite the plate of the guest.

Some very fashionable people dispense with flowers at the dinner table entirely. In fact, they are altogether less in favor for festive occasions than they were, probably because they are so much in request at interments.

A writer in knowledge describes a method of taking the impression of leaves and flowers as follows: "Procure a small bottle of oil (I always use olive), a camel's hair brush, or a piece of rag, half a dozen sheets of white unruled copying paper, a few sheets of white note paper and a good old-fashioned tallow candle with a large wick. Take the leaves you wish to perform upon and put them under a press or a large book, so as to get them with a fairly even surface. Then take a large sheet of copying paper and oil it completely by rubbing it with your rag, taking care not to put on more oil than is necessary. Do this until a fine layer of carbon, equally black everywhere, is deposited. When the light of the candle can just be seen through the carbon, lay the paper on the table with the black side uppermost. Then place the leaf between a piece of the black paper cut to the proper size and another sheet of paper. After rubbing the upper sheet carefully place the leaf between two clean sheets of paper.

Correspondence.

LAURA, (Cincinnati, O.)—The back numbers will cost you thirty-five cents.

A. J. W., (Preston, Ind.)—We know nothing about the firm. Perhaps your letter did not reach them; write again.

NAT. C., (Coxsackie, N. Y.)—The ring has no special significance. The idea of the serpent with jeweled eyes and head is nothing more than a fancy of the artisan. Hundreds of such rings are to be found in the stores.

DOLLIE, (Oscala, Fla.)—Your writing is something terrible to read, but by guessing at what you have written, we think it is Italian, and means in English "A maiden without an equal, and with a noble heart." 2. We think it is quite reliable.

SEEKER, (Oak Level, Va.)—1. We have never heard the expression before. You did not state in what connection it was used. 2. The quotation is from the play "Richard III.," by William Shakspeare. 3. The word "striped" is pronounced correctly as if one syllable. "Stri-ped" might be used in poetry if the measure required it.

SALLIE C., (Robertson, Tenn.)—The history, origin, or character of comets are not known. It is, therefore, beyond our power to give you any particular or reliable information about the one now in the heavens. There is a great deal of guess-work indulged in concerning them, but nothing is known with absolute certainty save that they come and go when it seems to suit them. 2. You will find the articles you inquired about in our advertising columns.

B. E. L., (Newark, N. J.)—We think it would be out of place to ask a young lady whom you know only by sight to attend a party. It would certainly not be right to ask her to be his wife under such circumstances. 2. You would very likely get laughed at, if you suffered nothing worse, by writing her a letter and handing it to her. The best thing for you to do is make the girl's acquaintance in a proper way. Until this is done drop all thought of your other projects.

K. M. W., (Monticello, Ill.)—It would be impossible to give you any such list. We would have to know persons very intimately before we could tell what would be most likely to benefit them in the way you mention. But a good general rule is to frequent the most intelligent society you can, and read what are considered the best in the way of history, science, fiction, etc. If it is impossible to get these, subscribe for two or three good papers, which will do much towards supplying their place. In their "Family Library," we think Harper & Brothers, New York, publish a "Course of Reading," by Professor Wilson. You might send for that. Perhaps it would serve your purpose.

C. D. F., (Thomaston, Conn.)—The number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies of the United States during the war for the Union, 1861-65, as reported by the Provost-General in 1866, was as follows: Killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,227; died of disease, 183,287. Total died, 279,276. Of these 29,725 died while prisoners. This terrible mortality is still more impressive when compared with the total number of soldiers who died during our war with Mexico, which was as follows: Killed on the field, 1,049; died of wounds, 458. Total, 1,507. The Confederate records were in part lost or destroyed; so far as records preserved show, the number of the Confederate troops who died of wound or disease in the war, was 133,821, of whom 25,774 died while they were prisoners.

M. D., (Poplar Bluff.)—The MSS. is, as you fear, illegible. Life is too short and too precious to be endangered in the task of its perusal. We think the moan you make about sitting down in your prison-life and wait for the end, is romantic nonsense. If you have any daily duties to do, do them, and meanwhile see a physician. A young woman to talk as you talk, resting your whole existence on so much ink and so much paper, shows that she is either very silly or very sick. If you have aspirations to authorship write something short and try its fate, before risking all upon a bulky serial that would make the editor destined to read it almost wish he had never been born. Rouse yourself from your gloom, look at matters in a sensible way, and in a week's time you will find you have a great deal to live for and care about.

C. LEE, (Belmont, Texas.)—We think the young man loves you, and that he is merely acting as you requested him to act. As this playing at indifference was suggested by you, it seems to be your part to tell him the occasion for it has passed. We fear you have been influenced by romantic notions in your conduct, and now when they are bringing about the results expected, you are becoming annoyed. There are very few things in which it pays to act deceitfully, and love is no exception. Since he has declared his love and been accepted, we think you ought to let him know that the reasons which led you to ask him to conduct himself like a mere acquaintance no longer exist. If you do not care to write or tell him, you might without impropriety show it when he comes to the house. But, after all this, is there not something secret you have not told us? 2. Your handwriting is not good. It should be your business to set about improving it, and also your spelling.

MAGIC, (Mason, Ky.)—The principle of construction in magic lanterns is very simple. It consists of a tin box, with a bent funnel at the top, which serves for the double purpose of allowing the smoke and heat to escape, and preventing the light dispersing in the room, and thus interfering with the reflected image. It has a door at the side, a polished tin concave reflector at the back of the inside, and a powerful light placed in the focus of the reflector; the light being supplied by an argand oil, or gas lamp, or by the combustion of oxygen or hydrogen gases thrown upon lime. For private exhibition the oil argand is generally and more easily employed. Opposite to the light and focus of the reflector is a movable telescopic tube, containing an hemispherical illuminating lens near to the reflector, and between the two lenses is a slit for the introduction of the painted glass slides. To use the magic lantern, light the lamp, polish the reflector with a dry cloth, and also carefully wipe the lenses to remove any moisture; then place the lamp in the focus of the reflector, close the door of the lantern, and place it upon a table ready for use. Suspend a wet sheet from a line stretched across the room, or have a sheet of calico stretched tightly upon a frame; in the event of not using either of them, you must reflect the image upon a smooth whitewashed wall. Slip in a slide with the figures or other subjects inverted or turned upside down—then advance or recede with the lantern, and by moving the tube in front of the slide you will be enabled to adjust the focus, and obtain a magnified image of the painting upon the sheet, screen, or wall.